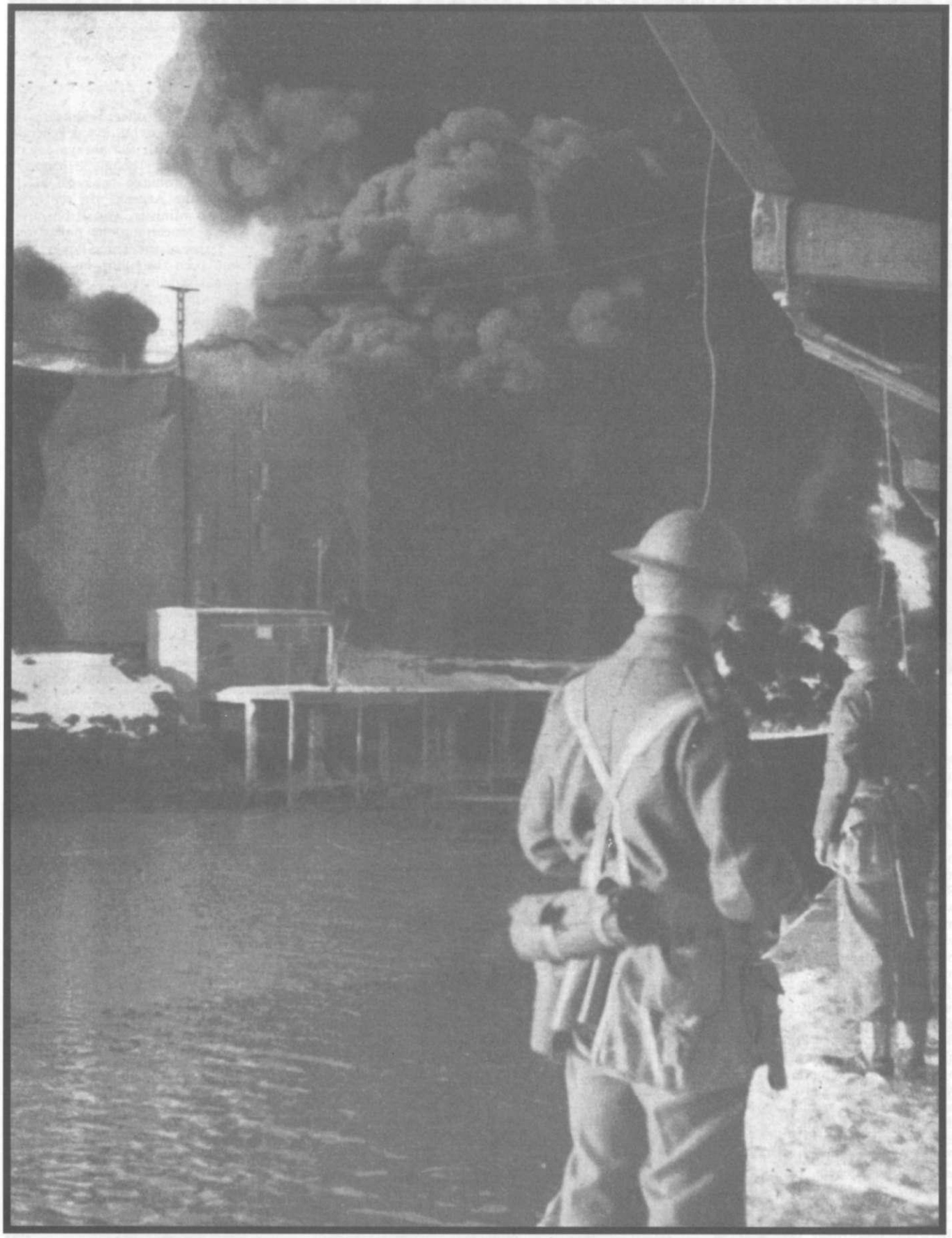


FLAMES OVER NORWAY: LOFOTEN'S OIL TANKS FIRED BY THE BRITISH

During the brilliant raid on the Lofoten Islands carried out by British forces on March 4, 1941, 26 oil plants in the islands were completely wrecked. British soldiers are here standing by while some of the storage tanks burn furiously. The fish oil plant on the Lofoten Islands was one of the Nazis' biggest sources of glycerine for making explosives, for more than half of Norway's annual output of eight million gallons were produced there. The raid, which took the Nazis completely by surprise, robbed them of 50,000 barrels of oil, and the wrecked plant will take a long time to replace.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Once Again Bulgaria Takes the Wrong Turning

Only a few weeks after Rumania had been occupied by German troops, her southern neighbour, the kingdom of Bulgaria, fell into Hitler's clutches. So soon was Mr. Churchill's warning, made on February 9, that if the Balkan countries did not stand together they would be pulled to pieces, one by one, justified by the event.

"UNDULY confident of victory." That was the phrase used by Mr. Rendel, British Minister in Sofia, to describe the attitude of M. Filoff, the Bulgarian Premier, when the latter accepted from his hands the Note in which Britain announced her decision to break off diplomatic relations with Bulgaria. "I reminded him," went on Mr. Rendel, "that Mussolini was also confident of German victory, but had suffered severely as a result. I told him that others might suffer, too."

Perhaps there was very little that M. Filoff could say, for he had already burned his boats behind him. When he saw Mr. Rendel on March 5 there were still fresh in his memory the scenes of his visit to Vienna, four days before, when on behalf of his government he signed the Tripartite Pact, formally linking Bulgaria with the fortunes of Britain's enemies. Perhaps he was still bemused by the splendid reception which had been given him. Maybe he recalled the scene in the Yellow Hall of the Belvedere Palace, ablaze with lights and glittering with be-medalled uniforms . . . his signing of the impressive-looking document lying on the table before him, and how 63 others had put their signatures after his . . . how he, the representative of one of Europe's smaller countries, had mixed on terms of equality—at least, so it seemed—with the representatives of powerful Germany and Japan, even of Italy and Hungary. (Though perhaps coming events cast just a shadow before them as he watched the delegates of Rumania and Slovakia signing in their turn, for not so long ago Rumania and Czechoslovakia were sovereign states of Europe, whereas now they numbered among Hitler's vassals. And Bulgaria was about to share their vassaldom.)

"INDEPENDENCE DAY" (March 3 is celebrated as Bulgaria's Independence Day)
Cartoon by George Whitelaw in the "Daily Herald"

In his speech to his hosts, the Bulgarian Premier made much of what he described as the hard conditions of the Peace Treaty, and paid tribute to "the Axis Powers and their great leaders, Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini," to whom Bulgaria owed the return of Southern Dobruja. He did not say what Hitler had offered Bulgaria in return for her allegiance, but it was generally understood that, lavish as always in the distribution of other people's property, the Fuehrer had promised her most of the Greek coast on the Aegean. In reply, the German Foreign Minister, von Ribbentrop, waxed eloquent concerning the policy pursued by the States of the Three-Power Pact. Always it had been their aim, he said, and always it would remain so, to fulfil and to safeguard the vital claims of their nations for territories which ought to be theirs by Nature—claims against those powers "who are living in an abundance of territory, and while too sterile and incapable of using them are grudging them to the young nations."

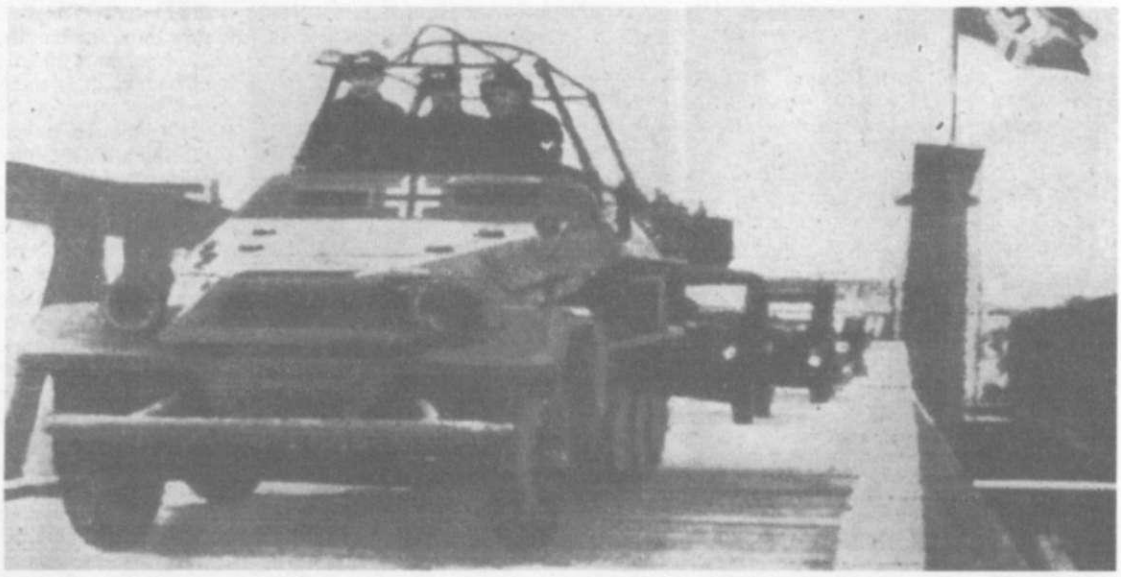
All these European peoples, he went on, now realized that "instead of their former insecure life in a conglomeration of European states constantly fighting each other and dependent on Great Britain's mercy, they will in future be able to live in the safety of a continent independent of Great Britain, and made secure by the powerful Axis states." Which must have sounded a little strange in Filoff's ears, than whom none could know better that Britain had next to no interest in Bulgaria; even our trade with Bulgaria, never very great, has dwindled to nothing. Unfortunately, let us add, for if our economic links with Bulgaria and the other Balkan states had been more and stronger, then Germany would not have

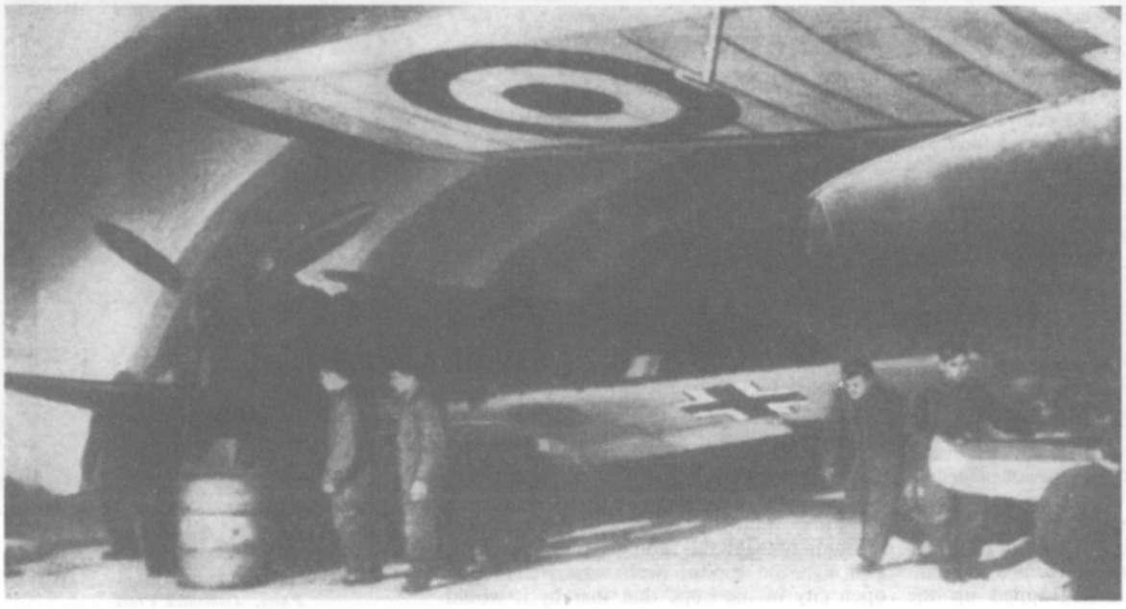
IN THE BALKANS the situation changes from day to day as Hitler's aggressive designs take shape, but this map shows the position following the seizure of Bulgaria. *By courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"*

Over the Balkans Spread the German Hordes

THE MARCH INTO BULGARIA was in full swing by the beginning of March, 1941, and it was reported from Sofia that about 200,000 men had crossed the German-Bulgarian frontier on one day, while tanks, lorries and military cars streamed along the roads towards the Greek and Turkish frontiers.

Right, a German armoured car is crossing a bridge in Bulgaria on March 2; the photograph was radioed from Berlin to New York and thence to London.





NAZIS IN RUMANIA explained their presence by the necessity to defend the Rumanian oilfields against attacks from Britain! Centre, a Nazi light anti-aircraft gun is in position near oil-storage tanks. Left, a hangar on a Rumanian airfield with German mechanics overhauling one of the 'planes. The rings on the wing of the right-hand machine are the identification mark of Rumanian Air Force 'planes — red, yellow and blue concentric circles, with the red on the outside.

Photos, Associated Press

In the Balkan Ferment Turkey Stands Fast

PRINCE PAUL of Yugoslavia, who is said to have met Ribbentrop, and Ciano following the Nazi seizure of Bulgaria, when pressure was put upon him to join the Axis, is here talking to Hitler during an earlier meeting.

MR. G. W. RENDEL, British Minister at Sofia, who conveyed to M. Filoff, Bulgarian Premier, on March 5, Britain's formal announcement of her breaking off relations with Bulgaria. *Photos, Fox; "The Times"*

THE BRITISH MILITARY MISSION made a tour of Turkish military zones early in February. On February 15 Lt.-Gen. Sir J. H. Marshall-Cornwall, D.S.O., and Air Vice-Marshal Elmhirst, of the Middle East Command, left Ankara after highly successful staff talks. This photo shows Lt.-Gen. Sir J. H. Marshall-Cornwall inspecting Turkish troops at Ankara station. *Photo, Associated Press*

been able to secure that economic predominance which has proved the prelude to political domination.

But Britain is far away, and Germany is very near. In the circumstances in which he found himself, M. Filoff, like Mr. Chamberlain at Munich, could perhaps do no other than he did. He knew full well that, while he was in the Belvedere, German troops, who for weeks past had been massing on the north bank of the Danube, were actually crossing the stream into his country. About eight o'clock on the preceding evening the electricity supply was cut off in Ruschuk, the town on the Bulgarian side of the Danube opposite Giurgiu, the centre of German assembly. Under cover of the darkness a pontoon bridge, which had been run down stream, was floated into position, and shortly before midnight the first uniformed German soldiers went across it and toiled up the slope to Ruschuk, to join their comrades not in uniform who were already in Bulgaria.

Certainly these forerunners had done their work well. Air-raid listening posts, food dumps and barracks had been arranged and were already under Nazi control. Underground hangars were reported to be under construction, radio stations had been established, the military telephone system was in full working order, and headquarters had been chosen for the German Staff at Chamkuria, 43 miles from Sofia.

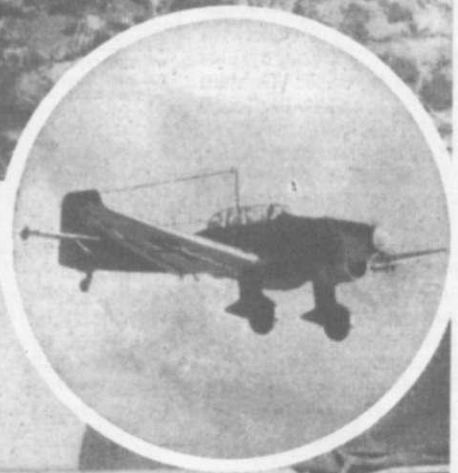
Crossing the Danube not only at Ruschuk but at Nikopol and Vidin, the German forces, mechanized units in the main, poured across Bulgaria in the direction of the Greek and Turkish frontiers. Varna, Bulgaria's most important Black Sea port, was occupied on Sunday, March 2, and so, too, was Sofia, although the capital itself was declared an open city in the hope that thereby it would be spared visitations by British bombers. A few hours later the German detachments moving down the Struma Valley had arrived at Bulgaria's southern frontier, only 65 miles from the great Greek port of Salonika, and they were not far from the Turkish.

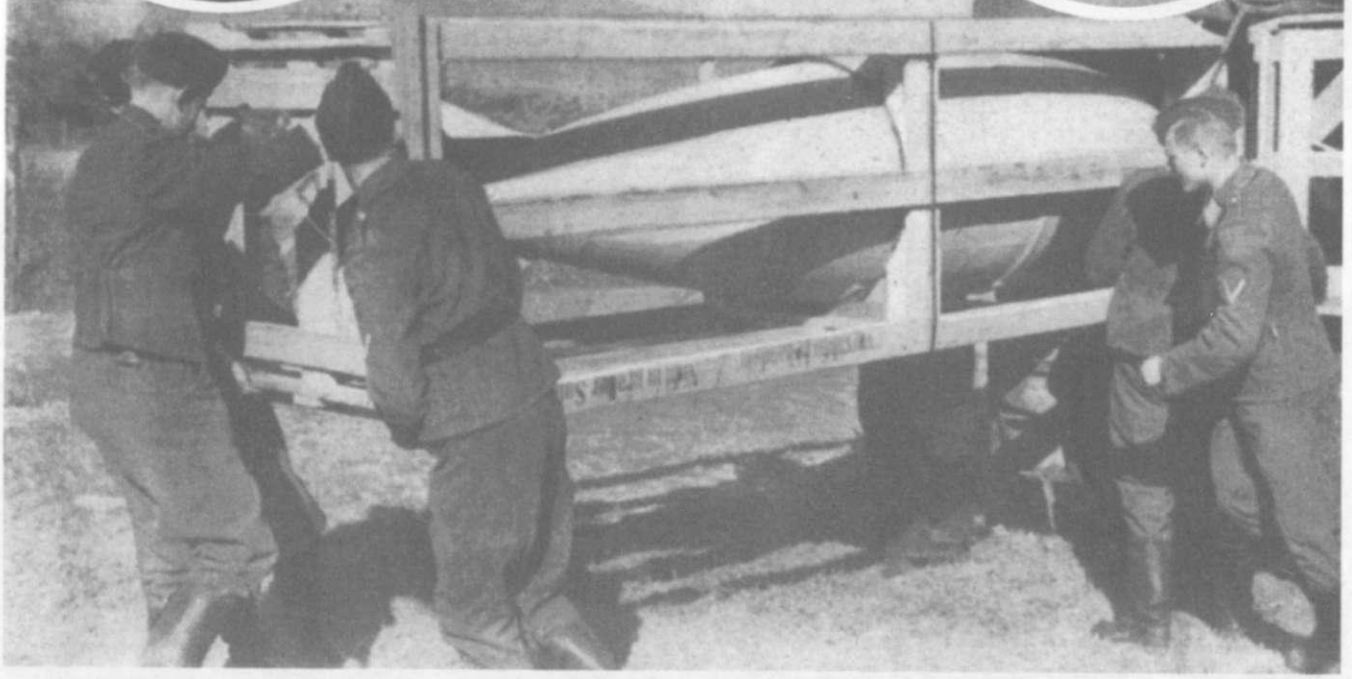
Not all the Bulgarians, however, were so pleased with the Pact as M. Filoff professed to be, and the critics were encouraged by Russia's attitude. In its reply to a Bulgarian note, stating that the Bulgarian government had given its consent to the entry of German troops into Bulgaria so as to preserve peace in the Balkans, the Soviet Government remarked that the step "will lead not to the preservation of peace, but to an extension of the conflict, and to the involvement of Bulgaria therein." The Turks, too, were scornful of the Bulgarian plea. In Ankara the news of Bulgaria's adhesion to the Axis was received with a shrug of the shoulders. But it made not an atom of difference to Turkey's attitude. Her alliance was with Britain, and so far from recent events changing her attitude, she was now more than ever resolved to stand by her Ally until victory be won.

Field-Marshal LIST, German blitzkrieg expert, who commands the German forces on the Bulgarian-Greek frontier, is seen during the Nazi occupation of Czechoslovakia in 1939. *Photo, Associated Press*

Were the Italians *Really* Glad to See Them?

Nazi anti-aircraft guns as well as 'planes have made their appearance in Italy. Here a caterpillar tractor is pulling one of the guns over rough ground, a German officer superintending.





NAZI AIRMEN IN ITALY first arrived there in December 1940 and a friendly reception for this "new Italian striking unit," as it was officially called, was carefully engineered. Circle left, the commander of a squadron in a town of South Italy thanks the people for their cordial welcome. Above, bombs made in Germany are being unloaded by German armourers on an Italian airfield. Circle right, a Nazi bomber is heading for Malta, but the Nazi attacks on the island have been no more successful than those of the Regia Aeronautica.

Photos, Associated Press

The Navy Knocks at Hitler's Back Door

Swooping out of the blue on the Lofoten Islands, a joint British and Norwegian force delivered a lightning thrust at Hitler's power in this northern extremity of his realm. Below we tell the story of the raid of March 4, as it has been revealed in a joint Admiralty and Norwegian Naval communiqué, supplemented by the eye-witness account by Reuter's Special Correspondent.

EARLY on the morning of Tuesday, March 4, in cold so intense that the spray froze as it broke over the boats, an Anglo-Norwegian raiding force made its appearance off the Lofoten Islands in the channel leading to Narvik, on what has been described as "Hitler's back doorstep."

The raid was planned with a threefold object. In the first place it was desired to destroy the plant used for the production of fish oil. This is the season in the Lofoten area in which the production of fish oil takes place, and the whole of the fishery products, like all other Norwegian products required by Germany, are entirely absorbed by the enemy; the fish oil produced was of particular importance to Germany, as it is used as glycerine in the making of explosives. The second object was to destroy any German ships or ships under German control found in the locality. Thirdly, it was desired to take prisoner Germans concerned in the control of the fishing industries, and such local "Quislings" who were aiding and abetting the enemy.

THE LOFOTEN ISLANDS, scene of the daring Anglo-Norwegian raid of March 4. They cover the entrance to Narvik fjord.

The raiders were composed of hand-picked and specially-trained British troops and Norwegian marines armed with Tommy-guns and accompanied by Norwegian guides. Arrived off their objectives—Svolvær and three other principal fishing ports of the islands—the landing-parties were put ashore before anyone there had time to discover what was happening.

"Within ten minutes of landing," said Reuter's Special Correspondent, who accompanied one of the parties, "the troops had taken control of the telegraph station, post office, and police office. Next they turned their attention to the oil, cod liver oil, and cod-fishing factories known to be working for the Germans, and soon six of these had been destroyed. The English manager of one factory was rescued and brought back to Britain. Three petrol storage tanks were also destroyed by this group, one going up in flames."

Explosions, intermittent gunfire and clouds of smoke told of the progress of the raiding-parties. Fish-oil factories and a power station were destroyed and the oil storage tanks set on fire. One of the parties sank a 10,000-ton floating fish-oil factory after taking from the ship a number of prisoners. Altogether, nine German vessels and one Norwegian merchant vessel under German control were sent to the bottom, and also a German armed trawler. Losses inflicted upon enemy shipping totalled approximately 18,000 tons.

Every care was taken to safeguard the lives and property of the local people, and the opportunity was taken to supply them with "comforts" such as chocolate, cocoa, tobacco, cigarettes, flannel, leather and knitting-wool—all things which they had been robbed of since the German occupation. Some of the fishermen bartered their fish with the men in the warships for English cigarettes and bully-beef.

Having achieved all their objects, the Allied forces withdrew. But they went back more numerous than when they came, for they took with them 215 German prisoners—mostly seamen, but including several naval officers, two of high rank, and 20 German airmen—and ten of the local "Quislings." They were also accompanied by a number of Norwegian Loyalists, for powerful loud-speakers had been used to state that the crews would be willing to take on board any volunteers for the Norwegian Free Forces. Hundreds of young men immediately responded, and as the ships were there for several hours they had time to get their best clothes and pack up all they wanted.

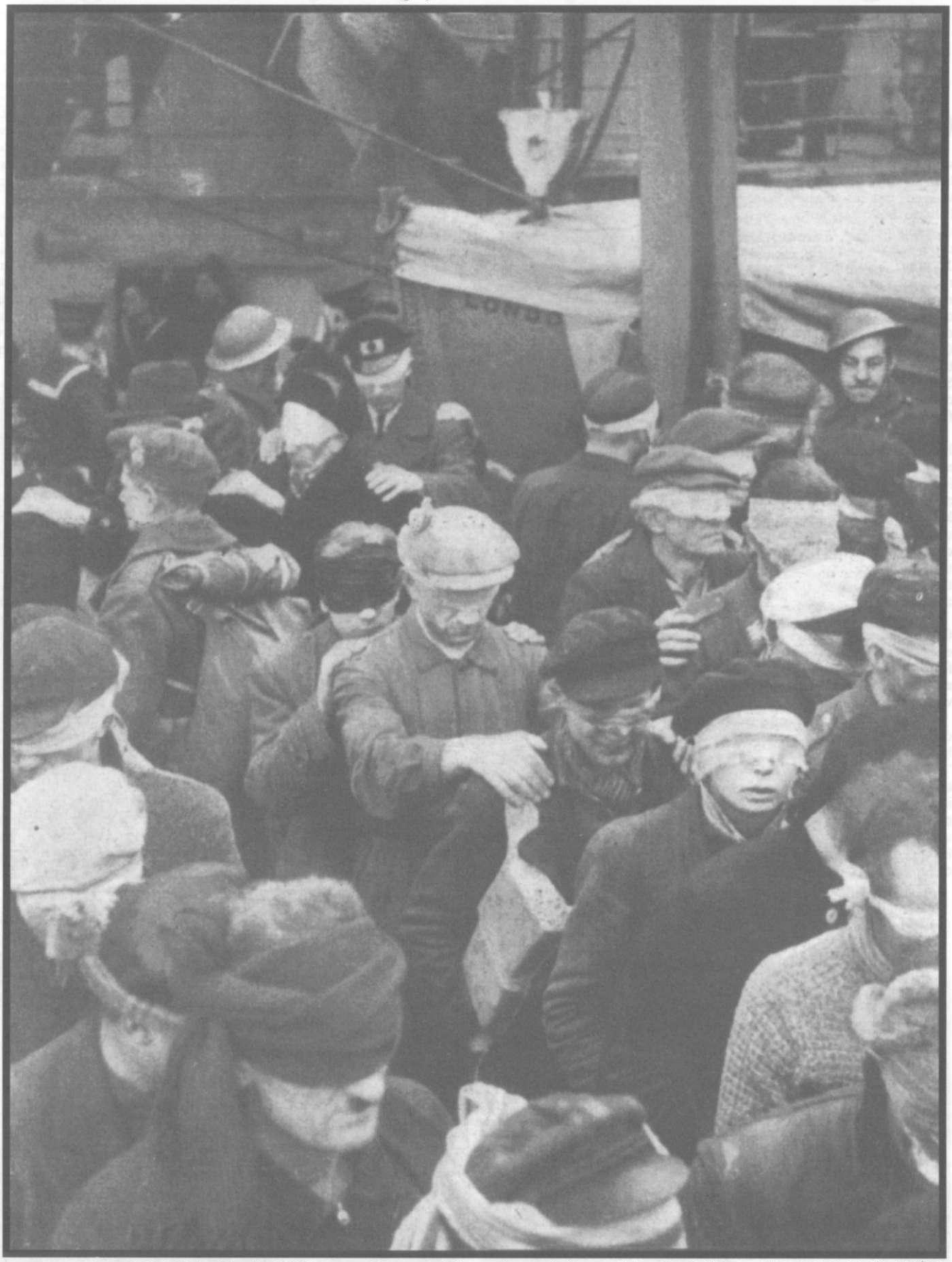
Practically no opposition was encountered, the little there was coming from the German armed trawler, which returned the fire of one of the warships, but was quickly disposed of. One German naval officer and six ratings were killed, but no damage or casualties were sustained by our forces.

When, after hours of unmolested activity, the raiders withdrew they glanced back at a dense black column of smoke billowing out far above the clouds, while another enveloped the mountains for miles in a thick foglike pall. Only when the ships had left the islands behind them did a solitary German aeroplane make its appearance. But before it could drop a single bomb it was driven off by fire from the warships.

Swiftly the warships returned to Britain, where the prisoners were sent to a prison-camp and the patriots proceeded to London. There they had the intense gratification of being congratulated by King Haakon.

Their task completed, the raiders prepare to leave Stansund, one of the ports visited, while the wrecked oil plant burns furiously.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Snatched from Norway, the Prisoners Come Aboard



THE LOFOTEN RAID yielded a "bag" of 215 German prisoners—soldiers, sailors and airmen. When the British squadron was at sea the captives were brought up on deck and transferred, blindfolded so that they should see nothing of what was happening, to another ship. They are here formed up on the deck of the first ship, each man with his hands on the shoulders of the man in front of him, ready to follow their leader on board the other vessel. With them were ten "Quislings" who, with the prisoners, were sent to a British prison-camp, while the 300 Norwegian patriots who were taken off the islands entrained for London.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Pages from the Prison Diary of a British Officer

How British prisoners fare in Germany is a subject of anxious interest to the relatives and friends of more than 40,000 of our soldiers, sailors and airmen. Here we give a first-hand account of everyday life in an officers' prison camp, in the shape of extracts from the diary of Captain C. A. Hood, R.A., of Oxshott, Surrey For permission to reproduce the extracts we are indebted to the courtesy of the "Surrey Comet."

On May 29, 1940, Captain Hood's battery was part of the British Expeditionary Force which was fighting its way towards the coast after the collapse of the Allied line in Belgium. "Spiked everything and walked out of Cassel, 9.30 p.m." is the laconic but pregnant entry in his diary for that day. Next on May 30 we read, "Held up by machine-gun fire at 5.30 a.m. Captured 10 a.m. after being chased by tanks and machine-gun fire . . ." Then came days of marching or travel by car or truck until eventually he found himself one of the 1,400 officers and orderlies confined in Oflag VII C/H at Laufen, a small village in Bavaria on the Salzach, about 10 miles north-west of Salzburg (*see* map in page 101). There he continued to keep his diary, from which the following entries are extracted.

July 9. Weather broken a bit now, but has been good. Usual sort of day is coffee at 7 a.m., roll call parade 9.15, walk or sit in the field till lunch at 11. Then sleep for an hour, and then there are usually three lectures of about three-quarters of an hour up to 4.15. Tea, soup, and potatoes, with cheese as an extra on Sundays, is at 5. We usually stay in the garden till about 7, and then play bridge or some other cards till bed at about 10.

July 16. Have had a pullover from Red Cross parcel, so don't send one. Small excitement last week sharing Red Cross food, one parcel to eight. Made a change, and small pieces of luxury were very welcome.

August 13. Red Cross have guaranteed delivery of this, so will repeat some of previous letters in case they haven't arrived. "Rowley" (Second-Lieutenant M. Rowland) and seven others are here. Am very well indeed, but am in need of a few things, which please try to have sent. Parcels are allowed up to 10 pounds. Any sort of tinned food is welcome as diet is plain. Would like chocolate, golden syrup, barley sugar, bully beef fortnightly, and tobacco. We have lovely views of mountain and woodland scenery, and there is a garden running down to river. Two beds of antirrhinums and dahlias are very fine.

RED CROSS PARCELS for British prisoners of war are now delivered with minimum delay. The parcels section of the British Red Cross is now under the direction of Mr. Stanley Adams, above, who as a former general manager of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son has unrivalled experience of Continental traffic routes. *Photo, Associated Press*

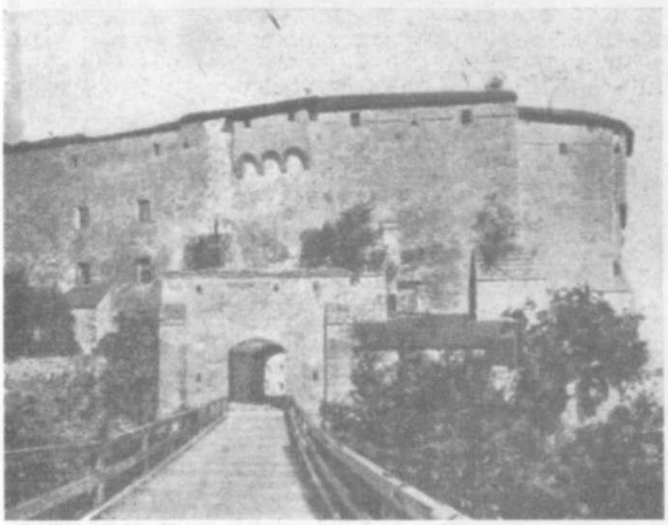
September 9. We get some food in bulk from Red Cross, but when divided doesn't come to much. Tails well up here.

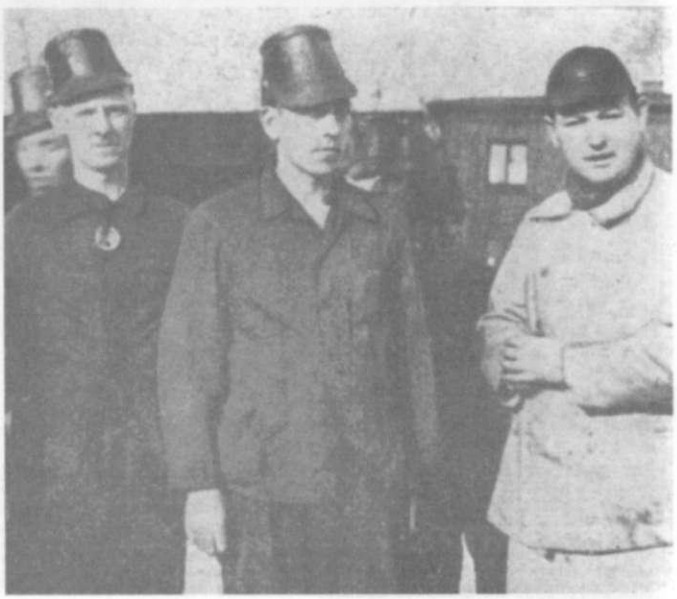
Sept. 17. Weather is colder now, snow is staying on some of the higher mountain tops, looks grand in the sunlight, colours especially marvellous at sunset. Great doings today, delivery of Red Cross parcels. Shared one between four, most we have had so far. It is wonderful what a difference even a small portion of bully beef or sausage makes to a rather monotonous soup diet.

Oct. 1. Hooray! Your letter of August 13 arrived September 24. So glad to get news. Well done for sticking out. It was greatest concern when realized that notification was taking a long time. Tails still up. We can take it.

Oct. 15. News is the most important thing here. This is a large camp, very full, 27 in my room. Manage to keep occupied all day. Have two piano recitals (range from Handel to swing duets), and one concert weekly. Orchestra of 20 is rehearsing and will be performing shortly. During the week, there are about 140 talks, lectures, etc., on subjects from metaphysics to bee keeping and fly fishing in New Zealand or tiger hunting in India. Also we have a good library. Weather at the moment fine, very warm in the sun; can sit out to read or for lectures. Trees about are a grand sight. Your letter of August 14-17 received. Red Cross parcels still very scarce. Am on list for British Legion, but no luck yet.

Oct. 29. Letters of September 19, 23 and 27 arrived last week. Concerts are going well, one piano, one orchestral and one variety each week. Plenty of talent, pianists especially good. There were 12,500 letters in over week-end, so I should get something. No clothes or baccy arrived yet, but have had three parcels from Legion, Red Cross still sparse, only about one to four each week. Weather now cold, snowed on Sunday. My bed, if a bit hard, is warm. There are 27 in my room, which is about 15 by 30. Beds in tiers of three round the walls, tables and stools for reading, writing and eating in the middle. We have coffee at 7.30. Soup and potatoes at 11 and 4. On three days a week we have tea or coffee in lieu of soup at 4. Tea is the best "do" of the week. We also get a loaf for five days, and cheese, jam and dripping twice a week. For breakfast and supper we eat what we can save during the day. Thank all for messages sent.





TITTMONING CASTLE, UPPER BAVARIA, is now Oflag VII C/Z—Oflag being an abbreviation of Offizierslager (German for camp in which officer prisoners are confined). Right are British prisoners who have been put to work in a coal mine near their camp. *Right-hand photo, Keystone*

Though in Enemy Hands They're in Good Heart

November 8. Have a battle dress and mac, also uniform which was luckily in my pack when I was captured on May 30. Still very well, legs and arms a bit thin, but tummy and chin are still there.

Nov. 12. Letters of August 24 and September 2 and 6 arrived. Clothes parcel is here, but have not got it yet.

Nov. 19. Clothes parcel grand. Was not allowed to keep tooth paste, windcheater or trousers, having the latter dyed. Have just had fourth British Legion parcel, and total of about four Red Cross, which have stopped now. Enjoy yourselves at Christmas. Don't worry about us; we will make the best of it here.

Nov. 26. Since we started fires, have been having some good suppers of toasted cheese and fried or roast potatoes, and toast, rather at the expense of a few burnt fingers. Have just been issued with a peacock blue overcoat. No letters arrived for a fortnight. Please ask someone to write. Any odd news is welcome.

BRITISH PRISONERS in the hands of the Italians are very few compared with our 150,000 Italian prisoners. The photographs in this page, sent from Italy via a neutral country, purport to show, according to the Italian captions: top, British prisoners in Addis Ababa; centre, British prisoners working in an orchard in Italy; above, British airmen in a concentration camp in Italy.

Photos, Keystone and Associated Press

December 3. Weather grand. Frost after snow. Rather like a school. Bell goes for getting up at 7.30. Have a cold shower, and then go on parade at 9.20, usually lasts till about 10. Quarter-hour's p.t. and walk round before lunch. Have hot shower once a week, and hot water is now on tap for our washing. Makes a difference after using cold. Vests are now almost white. Had two more Legion parcels. V. good.

Dec. 10. Yours of October 31 by air mail here December 9. We have big programmes of Christmas games, etc. Ping pong, deck tennis, deck race meetings, darts and bridge. Latest theatre, Galsworthy's "Escape." Orchestra and dance band twice weekly. Pantomime for four nights. Everyone settled down now, but first three months very grim.

Dec. 17. Very cold. 32 deg. frost. Lovely snow, dry and packed hard. We hope to be able to skate in the field soon. 1,700 Red Cross parcels; about one and a half each, arrived on Sunday. These are the ones which you have been told we were getting weekly, in August, I expect. Lost in second round of ping pong.

'Pages of Glory' Written by Men of Free France

France was defeated in the great battle of last summer, but French soldiers are still carrying on the war. Here we tell of some of the exploits of the Free French Army, of the men who have rallied and are rallying in ever-increasing numbers to the standard raised by General de Gaulle.

MARCHING and fighting side by side with the British and Australians in the Army of the Nile, sharing to the full the ardours and the glories of the campaign, are contingents of the Free French forces. In all the battles which have marked that triumphal campaign the French volunteers have played a most gallant and worthy part. They were in the van at the storming of Sidi Barrani, the First Battalion of French Marines being specially mentioned in an Army Order by General de Gaulle. They were hard on the heels of the Italians as they fled from Egypt into Libya, and they held a vital stretch of the front line at Bardia. They were at Tobruk and Benghazi, and still in the front line somewhere in the Libyan desert they are maintaining those traditions of gallantry and endurance which have ever characterized the French soldier.

All the French troops included in the Army of the Nile are volunteers, drawn from those under the leadership of General Catroux, High Commissioner of Free France in the Near East. Some escaped from Syria with Colonel (now General) de Larminat when that great territory was involved in the collapse of Metropolitan France, among them being detachments of the Foreign Legion, colonial infantry, and Spahis. Some have come from the Free French Army which has been established at Ismailia on the Suez Canal, and some are colonial troops which had been stationed in Cyprus, by agreement with Britain, since the beginning of the war. Yet others have come from all parts of the world, men resolved to do what in them lies to wipe out the stain of the surrender at Compiègne.

Raiding the Oases

But De Gaulle's men are fighting on several other fronts in Africa—wherever, indeed, they can come to grips with the Italians who "defeated" them last June. In the middle of January one little force of Free French troops made a daring and highly successful raid on the Italian positions in Murzuk, in the Fezzan oasis (see page 144). Another little detachment of General de Larminat's Free French forces in Chad—it consisted of a motorized column, just a handful of officers and perhaps 100 Senegalese soldiers under the command of Col. Leclerc—besieged the Italian garrison in the oasis of Kufra from Feb. 7 until March 1, when it surrendered. A thousand prisoners and much war material were taken by the French.

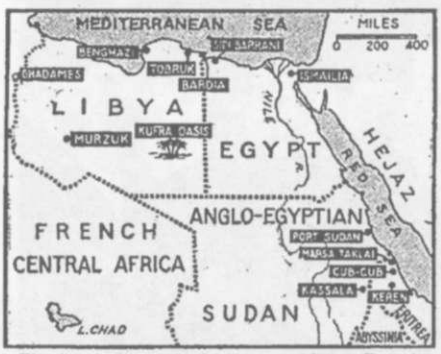
While Kufra was being besieged, there came from Vichy a curious report that General de Larminat's troops had attacked and captured the Italian garrison at Ghadames, on the southern border of Tunisia, about 250 miles south-west of Tripoli. As Ghadames is separated by some 600 miles of desert from the Free French base in Equatorial Africa, it seems much more likely that it was captured by another body of French troops—by men who, though not professing open allegiance to Free France, yet are patriots who could not resist an opportunity of striking a blow against the enemy who had so foully stabbed their country in the back. "Bravo, my comrades," broadcast General de Larminat to North Africa; "Tomorrow you will be with us!"

Yet another detachment of General de Larminat's Free French Army left Fort Lamy, in the heart of Equatorial Africa, early in December, and crossed some thousands of miles of the jungle, desert and mountain in their lorries until they made contact two months later with the British in the Sudan. They carried their own equipment—rifles, machine-guns, ammunition and trench mortars—and arrived on the other side of Africa without losing a single vehicle; they wanted only artillery to be ready for action, and that was soon supplied them by the British. Then with their guns and lorries they were taken to Port Sudan on the Red Sea, whence they were carried by British transports to the Italian port of Marsa Taklai, just captured by the British. They were landed under cover of darkness on February 22—hundreds of fine fighting men, Senegalese all save for their officers and N.C.O.s. Commanding them was a colonel who was in the French secret service, and a member of the Franco-German Armistice Commission until his escape from France at the end of last November. Another battalion left Chad territory on January 1, and at the beginning of March was engaged in the operations directed against Keren in Eritrea; this battalion towards the end of February took a brilliant part in the capture of Cub Cub. Then the French Foreign Legion is also amongst the comrades of the British Army in East Africa. They were landed at Port Sudan towards the end of February, thousands of laughing, singing légionnaires. Forty-six nationalities are represented among them—French, Poles and Belgians, Dutch and Greeks, Americans, Spaniards, even Italians and Germans. Less than a year ago they were in the front line at Narvik, where they were bombed day and night; then they were evacuated to Brest, and held the line around Rennes in Brittany. After the French Army collapsed, their C.O. managed somehow to get them transported to England, whence they went to Libreville via Dakar.

These, then, are some, but only some, of the exploits of the soldiers of Free France, of the men whose emblem is the Cross of Lorraine. "I as their leader"—it is General de Gaulle speaking—"say that the heroic deeds of our soldiers at Tobruk, Murzuk and Kassala, of our sailors of the submarine Narval [whose loss through enemy action was announced on January 9], of our airmen in the skies of Libya and Abyssinia, are pages of glory which our children's children will read with pride. But I also say that these magnificent episodes will soon be followed by even greater action."

General Catroux, who was Governor of French Indo-China before he came to England to join General de Gaulle's Free French Force in the Near East, is seen left at Alexandria in January 1941. With him is a representative of Free France with whom he had been in conference. Above, a trumpeter of the Free French Force in the Western Desert stands beneath the tricolor and sounds the "reveille."

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Wide World



The battle-fronts in Africa on which a French Army is still maintaining its great traditions and winning new glory for France.

They March to War in the Middle East

PATRIOTIC FRENCHMEN in France's African Empire found the Armistice with the Nazis little to their liking, and after General de Gaulle's clarion call to Frenchmen on June 23, 1940, many began to slip across the frontiers and take service under the banner of Free France. Here, near their desert outpost, men of the Free French Colonial Infantry are marching past at an inspection in the autumn of 1940. It was to such men that General de Gaulle referred on January 31, 1941, when in a broadcast he said: "the feats of our soldiers at Tobruk, Murzuk and Kassala . . . are pages of glory which our children's children will read with pride."

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Now the Watchword is: 'On To Addis Ababa!'

While there was little to report from the Libyan war zone, from East Africa there continued to come news of fresh Italian losses, of fresh victories won by the armies of General Cunningham and the Abyssinian Patriots. Below we give some further account of the progress of that campaign which is being waged so successfully and at so small a cost.

After the capture of Mogadishu on February 25, General Cunningham's troops drove the enemy northwards along the road which links Mogadishu with Jigiga, a town of considerable importance just east of Harar, on the railway from Jibuti to Addis Ababa. As their drive continued the situation of the Italians to the east and in British Somaliland became ever more precarious, for Harar is the key. to the communications between these regions and Central Abyssinia. If Harar fell, then their doom would be sealed.

Little fight, indeed, was left in the Italians, who in a campaign of three weeks had been forced to cede a territory as large as the British Isles and had lost 21,000 men in casualties and prisoners. So many were the prisoners, indeed, that at Mogadishu the conquerors were unable to deal with them all at once, so that several officers and 1,100 men of the shattered Italian Army when they expressed their desire to surrender were told by the British that "they couldn't be bothered," so "come back again tomorrow!" Thus the Italians who so wanted to be prisoners were compelled to spend a night on the beach with not even one British soldier to look after them. The next morning they came back as instructed, and this time their surrender was accepted.

The great haul of prisoners, as well as huge quantities of arms, fuel, food and stores—not to mention five Italian merchant ships captured in the harbour of Kismayu—were secured at the cost of a mere handful of casualties. Up to February 27 the total British casualties in the Somaliland campaign were stated to be 205—95 East and West African and 110 South African. The figures are proof positive of the overwhelming superiority of the Imperial troops in the field of battle, but they are also proof of fine staff work and splendid leadership. Time after time in East Africa, as in the Western Desert, the enemy found themselves surrounded or outflanked and gave themselves up knowing their position to be hopeless.

Following General Cunningham's victory, the occupied territories, "formerly ruled, claimed, or occupied by the Italian Government in Ethiopia and Somaliland," were placed under his military jurisdiction. After issuing a stern warning that actions against the public peace or the British forces would be punishable by death, or lesser penalties, the General in his proclamation declared that "all existing laws, customs, rights and properties in the said territories will be fully respected in so far as they are consistent with my proclamations. So long as the inhabitants remain peaceable and comply with my orders they will be subjected to no more interference than I consider essential to the performance of my duties. And they need have no fear." General Cunningham's authority was exercised through officers of the Kenya Administration well versed in native laws and ways.

Abyssinian 'Robin Hoods'

Meanwhile in Abyssinia the revolt of the Patriots against the Italian invader was growing day by day in strength. The great north-western province of Gojjam and the district of Wolkait, bordering the Sudan, were practically abandoned by the Italians and the revolt swept through the key central province of Shoa to the very gates of Addis Ababa. The capital, according to refugees' accounts, was by now an armed camp surrounded by barbed-wire defences through which no one could pass without a permit. The city was virtually besieged by bands of guerillas under Arregai, who commanded a battalion of the Imperial Guard under Haile Selassie and just before his country's fall was the city's police chief. He had never been more than 100 miles away from Addis Ababa, and as head of the secret league of Abyssinian Robin Hoods known as the Society of Ethiopian Braves had kept up constant communication with the Emperor and his representatives.

Capture of Burye

The first major success of the reborn Imperial Army was the capture of the Italian stronghold of Burye, 160 miles north-west of Addis Ababa. After standing a week's siege, the Italian garrison, unnerved by the R.A.F.'s relentless bombing, weakened by desertions of the native conscripts, and having just heard the news of the fall of the small fort of Mankusa, 10 miles away, decided on evacuation, and under cover of darkness made its escape by mountain tracks. On March 5 Haile Selassie's standard, the crowned lion on a green, gold and red tricolor, floated proudly over the Italian commander's headquarters. The Patriots pursued the enemy along the road through the rolling parkland in the direction of Debra Markos, 40 miles to the south-east. With them, never far from the front line, was their Emperor, who cheered them by his words and was greeted with the most fervent enthusiasm. With the province of Gojjam practically cleared of the enemy, the Patriots and their British allies had a new watchword: "On to Addis Ababa!."

General Sir Archibald Wavell (centre), commanding Britain's Army in the Middle East, is here seen making an inspection, accompanied by Major-General W. Platt, commander of the British Army in the Sudan. The map, right, is a guide to distances in Italian East Africa, where British troops are operating on so many fronts. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright. Map by courtesy of the "Manchester Guardian"*

How a Filter Beat the Libyan Sands

Mr. C. G. Vokes, inventor of the Vokes Aero filter, is seen studying plans of his ingenious device, described in this page; a factory worker (right) drills the casing for the filter.

Photographs specially taken for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by John Heddon*

HUNDREDS of men and women worked day and night and gave up their holidays to enable the Army of the Nile to advance to the capture of Cyrenaica. Their unceasing toil, backing the inventive genius of Mr. Cecil Gordon Vokes, an engineer who has never failed to solve any problem of filtration set before him, enabled British tanks and aeroplanes to be fitted with filters to beat a more persistent and dangerous enemy than the Italians—sand.

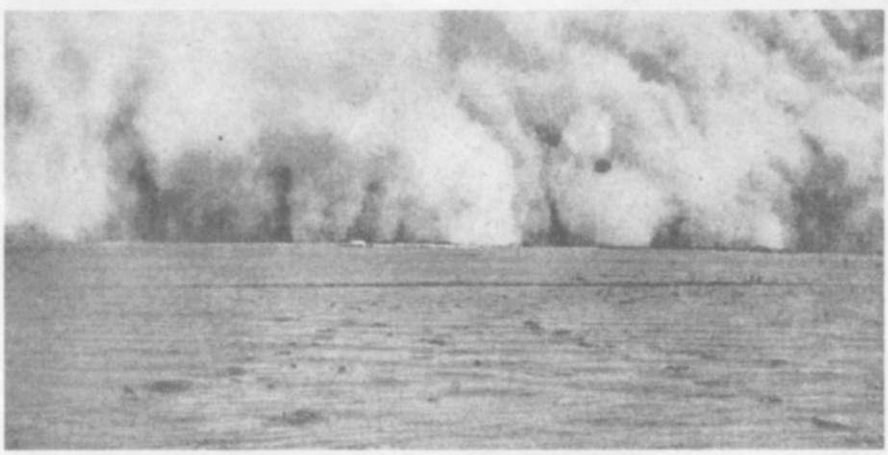
Sand very quickly chokes the engines of tanks and aeroplanes operating in the desert. It gets into the bearings, rapidly wearing out good engines, shortening the life of valuable mechanized vehicles. Some time ago it was realized that something would have to be done if our forces were to advance across the desert with any chance of success.

In ten days Mr. Vokes designed and made a filter that would enable our tanks and other vehicles to travel 150 miles a day without the least trouble from sand. Tests on machines in this country occupied another fortnight. Then factories buckled to, working day and night so that the filters could be flown out to Egypt in time for General Wavell to launch his great attack.

And everybody knows the wonderful sweeps and drives our armoured vehicles have made out there, and the vitally essential part they have played in the victory.

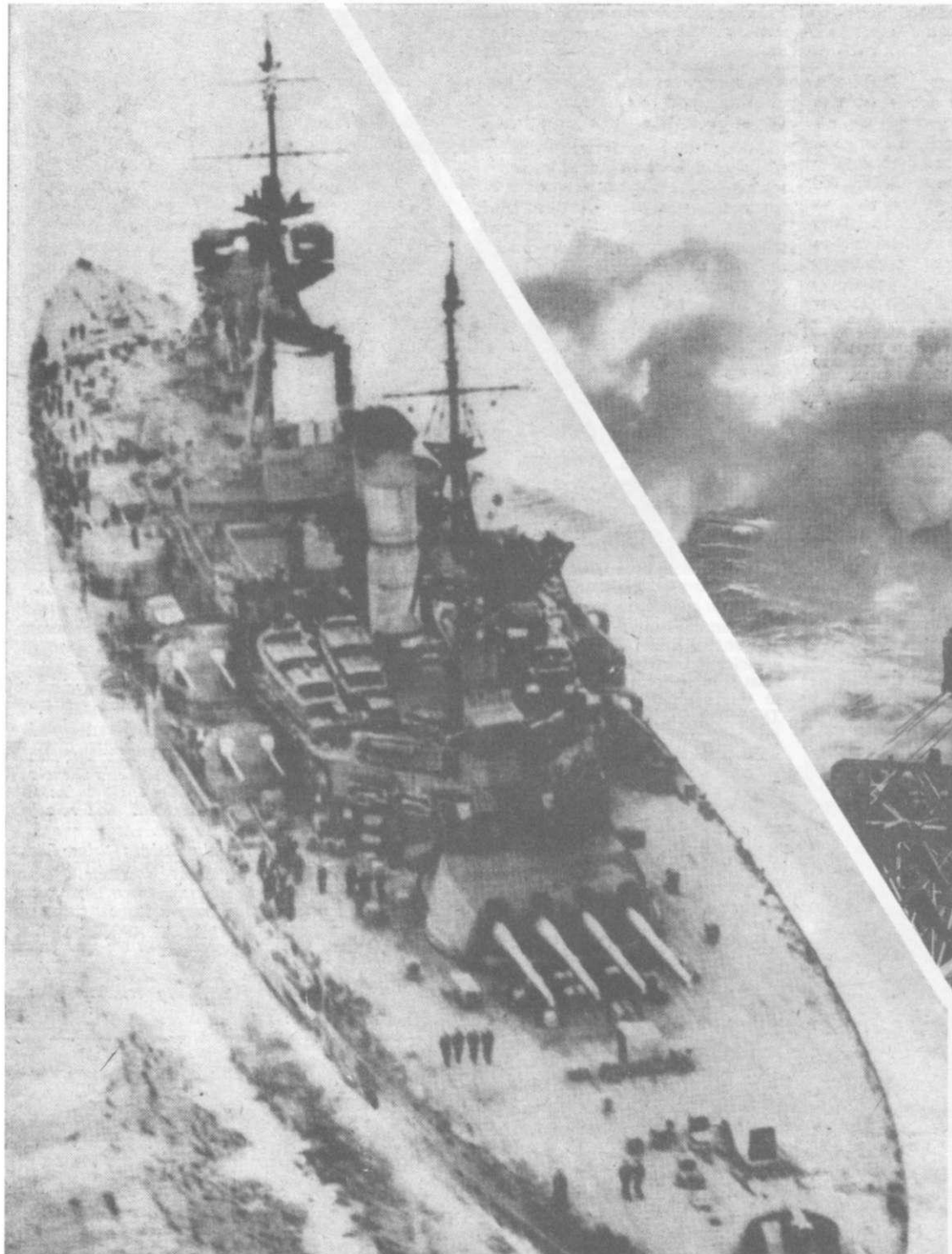
At one factory engaged on filters, after it had been decided to give all workers two hours off just before Christmas to do their shopping, a deputation said: "We don't want the time off. We'll shop later on. We've a job of work to do."

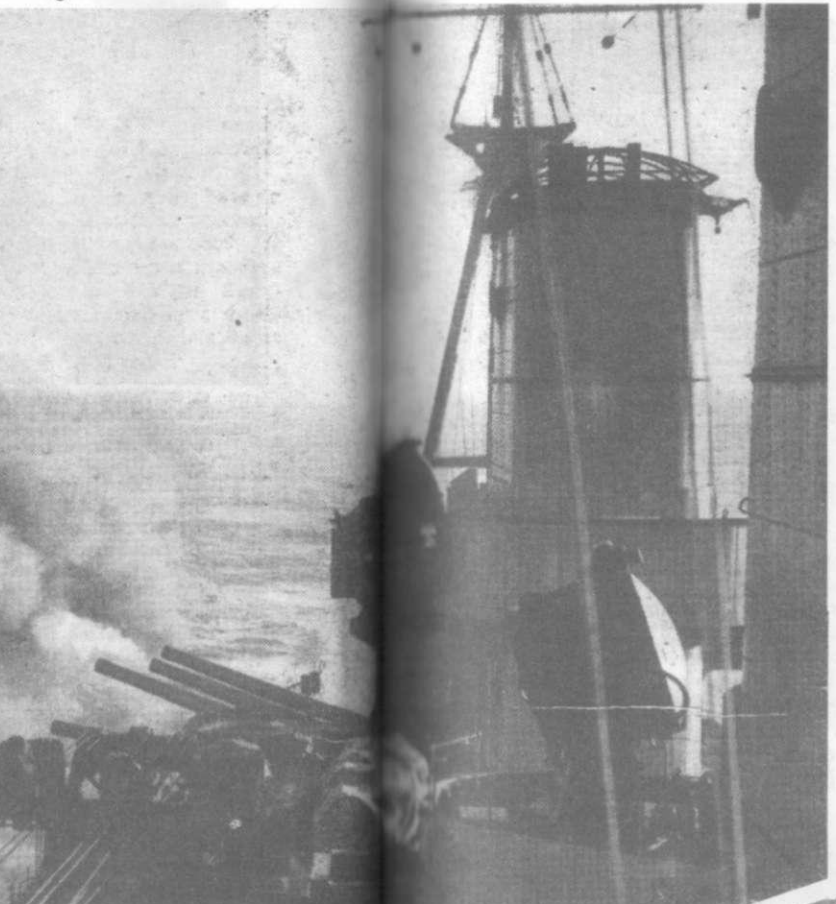
Mr. Vokes not only designs these filters which have contributed so much to our victories, he is the driving force behind the workers. He gives them talks on their job and the part they play in making victory secure. Recently he arranged for an airman to tell them how the filters had enabled him and his comrades to sweep the Italians from the skies.—*Story retold by courtesy of the "Daily Mirror."*



The Vokes Aero filter enabled British mechanized transport to travel through sandstorms (centre) and our tank columns, like the one above, to advance unchecked across the Western Desert.
E.N.A. & British Official: Crown Copyright

H.M.S. King George V—Most Recent Symbol of Britain's 'Great, Maje





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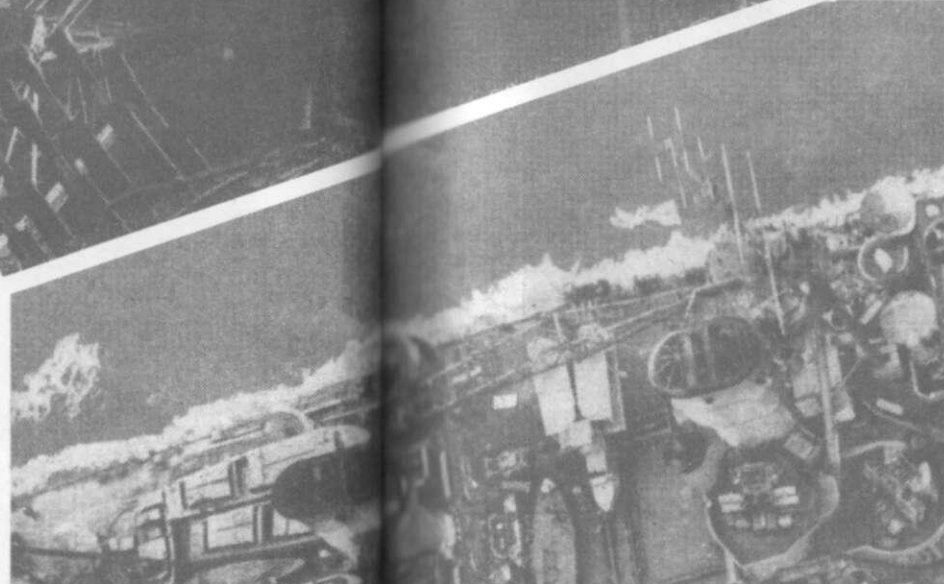


When the Captain Orders: 'Make Smoke Screen!'

Often we read of ships-of-war putting down a smoke screen to baffle the pursuing enemy or to veil their attacking manoeuvres. Here we have an account of the operation, written by one who has a behind-the-scenes knowledge of how it is done.

Wisps of smoke besmirching the horizon may betray the presence of unseen ships beyond the brink. So naval engineering has devoted great attention to the science of fuel burning, enabling warships to steam economically with a clear funnel. The use of oil fuel has simplified the problem. Whatever the speed

The chief stoker of a destroyer just about to put to sea prepares the white smoke apparatus at the stern of the ship.

of acceleration, a warship should always steam with no trace of smoke issuing from its funnels. Those who have their daily job down below in the stokeholds are nurtured in this art; to them, steaming with a clear funnel is an inherent consideration.

And woe betide them if a pernicious puff of smoke wafts from the funnel. Long before it has dispersed an irate officer of the watch will yell down the phone: "Stop making that damn smoke!"

The engine-room receives the message and immediately roars its own version of the message through the voice-pipe to the indiscreet boiler-room.

But naval strategy often demands that they should produce heavy black smoke that lies on the water to form a smoke screen. Destroyers enjoy it. They are experts! They hustle around the convoy or battlefleet with gusto, thick black smoke belching from their funnels and billowing in their wake.

Clouds of Blackness to Order

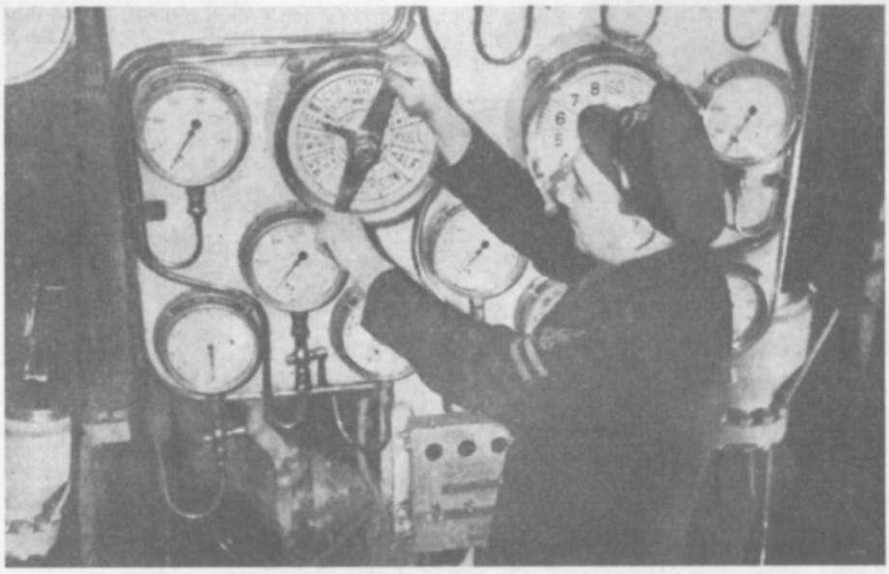
Smoke screens are made to protect a convoy, or to conceal the movements of a manoeuvring fleet, and therefore are needed in the height of action. When the captain wants a smoke screen to be made he just presses a button on the bridge. This flickers a warning light in the engine-room and gives a signal on a loud rattler. The watchkeepers are on their toes, knowing that some sort of action is pending. The artificer on watch rings the boiler-room telegraph to "Make Smoke Screen." Stokehold watchkeepers immediately switch on the special smoke-making sprayer which admits cold unvaporized oil into the blazing furnaces. Instantly, owing to incomplete combustion of oil-fuel, huge clouds of dense black smoke roll from the funnel. This heavy smoke lies on the water forming an impenetrable barrier, blocking the enemy's view.

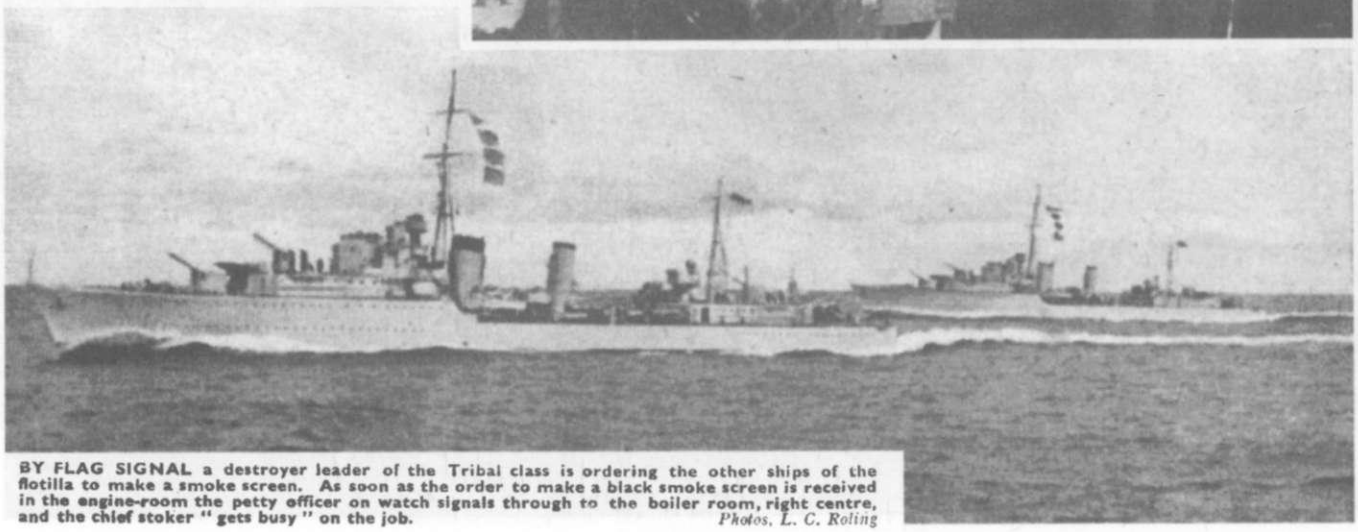
Prolonged smoke-making may have a harmful effect on the boilers and so recently another method has been developed. A container for smoke-making gas is mounted on the stern of the vessel. The gas is conveyed over the side of the ship by a small-diameter pipe, and when it comes in contact with the water thick white vapour is given off, which also lies solidly on the water.

The most effective smoke screens are produced when these two methods are combined. The results are perfect, and the screen lingers for a long time.

Warships also carry smoke floats in the form of drum-shaped containers, fitted so that they can be quickly dropped over the side. They give off white smoke and are dropped to mark a spot in the sea for easy manoeuvring, or perhaps to indicate precisely to another ship where a suspected U-boat is lurking.

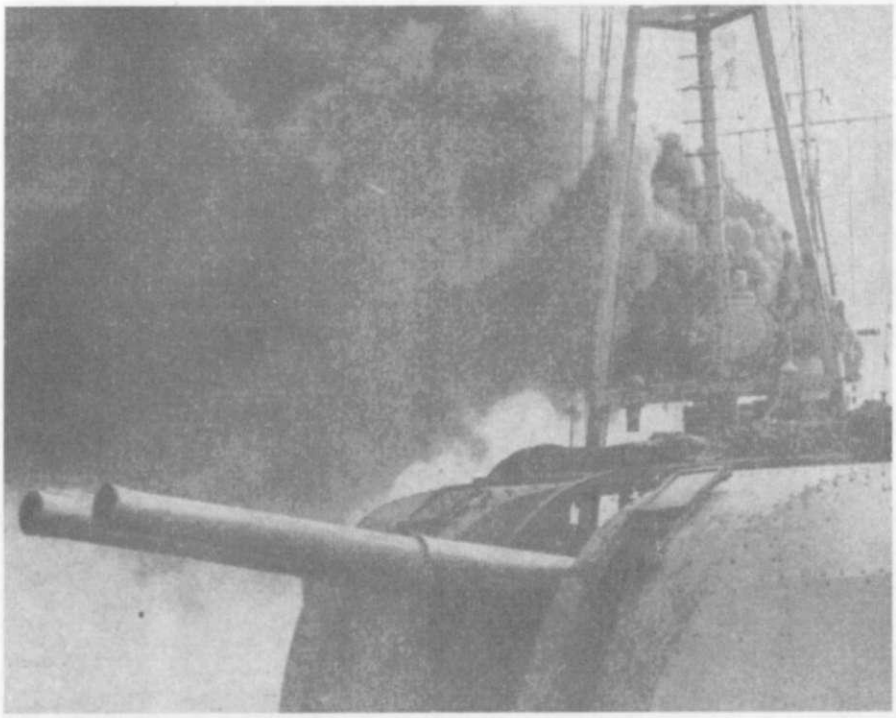
Smoke certainly has its uses, although at times it may be "cussed most hearty" by the captain, especially when he has a convoy of coal-burning merchant ships.





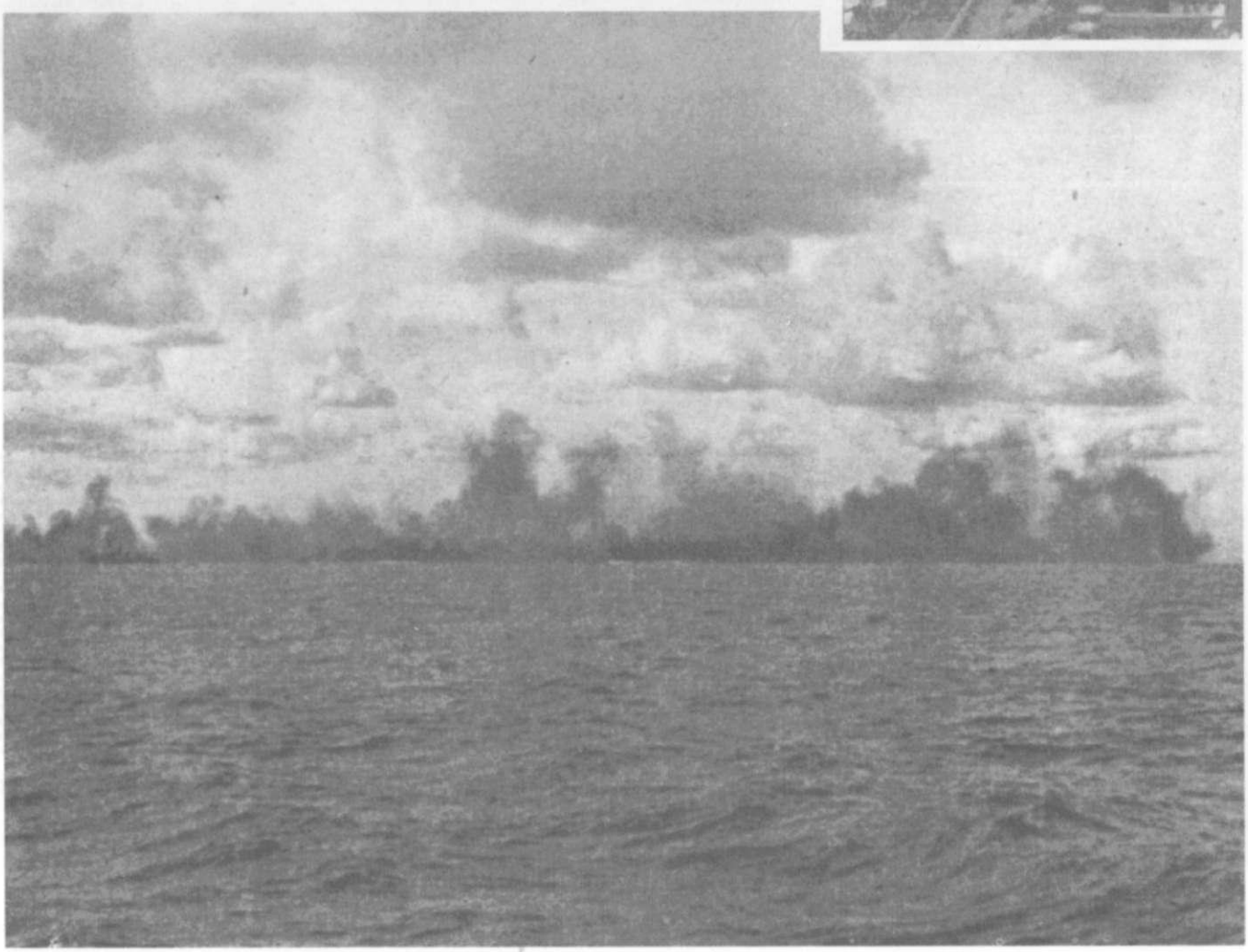
BY FLAG SIGNAL a destroyer leader of the Tribal class is ordering the other ships of the flotilla to make a smoke screen. As soon as the order to make a black smoke screen is received in the engine-room the petty officer on watch signals through to the boiler room, right centre, and the chief stoker "gets busy" on the job. *Photos, L. C. Roling*

Black or White, They're Excellent Cover Both



MAKING A SMOKE SCREEN—this is the explanation of the oily cloud belching from the funnel (above). Right, both black and white smoke screens are being used simultaneously; while below, a completed smoke screen lies between the destroyers that have made it and the enemy.

Photos, L. C. Roling



They Would Have Preferred Turtle Soup!

THE PIONEER CORPS in clearing up London, have given rise to strange scenes in the City and West End. In historic Guildhall, now damaged and roofless, some of the men are seen making their own banquet among monuments of the past that once looked down upon crowned heads and famous men as they partook of the City's hospitality manifested in turtle soup and baron of beef. The lower photograph presents an equally strange contrast. Outside a famous London hotel that had been bombed a sedate waiter serves tea to the Pioneer Corps among the debris in the roadway.

Photos, "Daily Mirror," G.P.U.

Of Course, the 'Shiny Seventh' Will Be There

THE ROYAL FUSILIERS (City of London Regiment), whose nickname is the "Shiny Seventh" (because of their smart appearance), are here taking up positions beside a flood-filled dyke in England during exercises. This famous regiment was raised in 1685 under its old name of the 7th Foot. Between 1914 and 1918 forty-seven battalions were raised; 235,476 Royal Fusiliers fought in every theatre of war except Mesopotamia, and 21,941 died for their country. The regimental badge is the united white and red rose, with the Garter and Crown above it. *Photo, Planet News*

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

Welcomed by the King

By personally meeting Mr. John G. Winant, the new American envoy, at a station during the journey to London on March 1, King George created a precedent, for this was the first time a British monarch had made such a gesture in welcoming a new Ambassador. In so doing he reciprocated the friendly act of President Roosevelt who, on January 24, sailed down Chesapeake Bay to greet Lord Halifax on his arrival as Ambassador to the United States. Mr. Winant, who had crossed the Atlantic to Lisbon by Clipper, flew on from there to Bristol airport, where he was welcomed by the Duke of Kent, members of the staff of the American Embassy, and many other dignitaries. "There is no place I would rather be at this time than in England," said Mr. Winant shyly into the inevitable microphone, and then drove with the Duke through the bomb-damaged streets of Bristol to the special train awaiting them. After presenting to the King his Letters of Credence, the new Ambassador had tea with their Majesties. On arrival in London, Mr. Winant went straight to the Embassy where, the following morning, his first engagement was to receive and answer the questions of over 50 British and foreign journalists. Drawing this to a close he explained: "I have come here to do a job, and I want to get to work right away."

NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR to Britain, Mr. J. G. Winant, who arrived in this country on March 1, is seen with the Duke of Kent, being greeted by the King at a railway station en route for London. The Duke met Mr. Winant at Bristol airport when the latter arrived from Lisbon. *Photo, Keystone*

Greek Earthquake Victims Bombed

On March 1 the Greek town of Larissa was devastated by an earthquake. Virtually all public buildings and private houses suffered either complete or partial destruction or the cracking of their walls. Immediate help was forthcoming from detachments of the R.A.F. already in the area, first-aid squads being sent out to help in the treatment of victims who survived being buried under the debris. In addition, British bombers were flown from headquarters carrying medical supplies and a contingent of the R.A.M.C. The number of casualties has twice been increased by Italian 'planes which have dropped bombs on the stricken town. The second time this outrage was committed retribution overtook the five returning bombers, for they were intercepted by fighters and four were brought down near Larissa. The fifth machine had to make a forced landing, and the crew were captured.

Growing Resentment in Holland

So great is the unrest caused in Amsterdam and elsewhere by harsh treatment under the German occupation that military control was imposed upon North Holland on February 27. Jews have been, as usual, targets for special persecution by the authorities. Jewish professors at the universities of Leyden and Delft have been dismissed, and, as the result of indignant demonstrations by students and staff, these universities have been closed. Jewish businesses have had to be "Aryanized." Repeated patrols have been made in Jewish quarters by storm troopers who punished ruthlessly any disturbance created by their own provocative behaviour. Heavy fines have been imposed upon the population. Amsterdam has had to pay 15 million guilders, the equivalent of £2,000,000, following riots in that city. Because a German soldier had been shot at Hilversum, 35 citizens were imprisoned and a fine of £350,000 was levied. Many towns have been similarly penalized. Dutch mayors and other municipal officers have been superseded by German Commissioners directly responsible to the military authorities for maintaining order in their districts.

A Wavell on the Home Front

While General Sir Archibald Wavell sweeps with his victorious armies through North Africa, his sister, Miss Mollie Wavell, personally sees to the creature comforts of troops in Hampshire. She is head of the Y.M.C.A. Mobile Canteen Service in that county. Her first tea car was lent to Southampton when the city was raided, and while on service there was so damaged by enemy bombs that it was rendered useless. So another was provided, and from this Miss Wavell cheers the men at nine isolated stations with hot tea and cocoa, sandwiches and biscuits, and her own heartening smile. The voluntary staff of these mobile canteens have to be women of courage, resource and pertinacity. In a bombed area, where the need is greatest, they have to cope with conditions that may include lack of water, gas and electricity, and no evident means of replenishing their supplies. They may have to cajole a road repair squad into loaning them a brazier on which to boil water – and every drop, even for washing up, may need to be boiled; they certainly have to be able to deal with any mechanical trouble developed by the car towing the canteen trailer. All honour to the cheerfulness which they bring to their job.

GEN. WAVELL'S SISTER, Miss M. Wavell, is seen in her canteen, busily serving soldiers. The Y.M.C.A. has now 510 mobile canteens on the road in Britain, and 200 more are under construction. *Photo, L.N.A.*

Another Nazi Lie Scotched

Flying the British flag, a German raider joined a British convoy off the Azores during the night of February 12. Early the next morning she manoeuvred into position, hoisted the German flag and opened fire, hurling salvos of shells into the ships for half an hour before vanishing over the horizon. All the vessels returned the fire and after the action was over cruised around picking up survivors. About 100 of these were landed at Funchal on February 14. The official German version of this exploit claimed that the raider had sunk 14 out of the 19 ships in the convoy, representing a displacement of 82,000 tons. The actual facts are as follows: five vessels are known to have been sunk; eleven are safe; the remaining three were, on March 11, not yet overdue at the ports for which they were bound.

Graziani a Prisoner in Rome?

The former Italian Commander-in-Chief, Marshal Rodolfo Graziani, of great but somewhat sinister military fame, was reported to have been under house arrest in Rome after his dismissal on January 27, following the fall of Tobruk. When disaster overtook his armies the Marshal was recalled by Mussolini and, at a meeting of the Supreme War Council, is said to have disclaimed all responsibility for the defeats in North Africa and to have made some dramatic disclosures regarding his reluctance to undertake the campaign at all. According to Graziani, it was Mussolini who devised the invasion of Egypt and planned its conduct. To confirm this he laid before the Council the actual orders received from the Duce, together with copies of his own dispatches in which he most strongly opposed both the expedition and the strategy laid down for him to follow. His reasons were cogent and included the obvious difficulties of ensuring supplies of food, water, petrol and other war materials, and the danger of being encircled. Mussolini's replies to these objections, which were also laid upon the table, ignored the adverse arguments and again ordered the advance. Having submitted his defence, the Marshal formally resigned from the Fascist party and said that henceforth he would serve his country merely as a professional soldier. But the angry Duce, all for hushing up the scandal, put him secretly under arrest. Since then Graziani is reported to have been reinstated.

Still the Greeks Are On Top in Albania

Greek Red Cross ambulances are seen amid the deep snows of the Albanian mountains, where a peasant woman is plodding in front of her mules—the surest means of transport in that country in winter.

A group of Greek soldiers charge with fixed bayonets through the snow-covered ruins of a mountain fort, three miles from Tepelini. It was from this mountain that the Greeks forces dislodged an Italian detachment.

RESUMING their offensive in the central sector of the Albanian front on March 7, the Greeks stormed position after position in a veritable labyrinth of trenches, artillery posts, and machine-gun nests. In three days they took nearly 2,500 prisoners, the 9th regiment of the Julia Division and the 7th Blackshirt Battalion being practically wiped out. Italian losses in killed and wounded were also extremely heavy ; ravines were said to be strewn with Italian bodies, while the pitiful groans and cries of the wounded filled the air. On the body of an unidentified major was found a personal message from Mussolini, exhorting him to do his utmost to check the Greeks. " Fascist Italy bases her last hope on your defence," it read ; " save her ! "

Circle, a Greek soldier lights a candle over the rough grave of his comrade who fell in battle on the mountain side. Above, a Greek Army tractor is seen hauling material for bridge-building along an Albanian road.

EVZONES, highlanders of the famous kilted Greek infantry regiment which corresponds roughly to the British Brigade of Guards, make friends with Albanian children (right). The King of the Hellenes' bodyguard is drawn from this regiment. (See Vol. 3, p. 620.)

Photos, Bosshard, Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *Planet News, and courtesy of the Royal Greek Legation*

In Skirts or Trousers, Good Soldiers All!

Army lorries need careful handling. A.T.S. girls, such as those top, are not only quite at home at the wheels of these vehicles, but, as seen above, can carry out their own running repairs.

Speed and efficiency are demanded of the A.T.S. telephone girls. Here a corporal, who has specialized in this work, is instructing a class.

NEARLY 40,000 women and girls have joined the A.T.S., but, as the Countess of Carlisle, the Chief Commandant, said on March 3, at least 25,000 more are needed for new jobs and in new places in the Army. Some are wanted for anti-aircraft centres, where "the nimbleness of woman's mind and fingers" are of great value in the assembly of predictors, and others are required for special work with General Wavell's armies in the Middle East. Women photographers and girls who are good at figures are wanted in the Army Pay Offices and for secret work in connexion with the artillery. Recruits are most welcome between 20 and 30.

Physical fitness in the A.T.S. is helped by "physical jerks." The girl in front is French, and hopes to join General de Gaulle's Army.

Photos, "Daily Mirror," L.N.A., and Fox

Eye Witness Stories of Episodes and Adventures in the Second Great War.

'Our Boys of the Grom Behaved Splendidly'

Bombed by a German 'plane off Narvik in May, 1940, the Polish destroyer Grom sank in less than two minutes, and 59 of the crew lost their lives. This moving story by a Polish officer (received through the Polish Ministry of Information) tells of the sinking of his ship and the rescue of the survivors by British vessels.

On the evening of May 2, 1940, the Grom received the order to relieve our sister-ship, Blyskawica, on a patrol off Narvik. The Blyskawica had been damaged by four hits from a German land battery and needed slight repairs. We received an additional task—to locate and to destroy the battery of guns which had damaged the Blyskawica.

The rising day, May 3, was Poland's National Day, and we of the Grom resolved to celebrate it appropriately. At 4 a.m. the Grom received her first wound. A shell fired from land pierced the starboard side and hit the boiler No. 1. That was for us the signal to begin, and the whole day long the guns of the Grom went on firing and destroying everything within range in the German positions on the shore.

In the afternoon we discovered the German battery which the day before was most probably responsible for damaging the Blyskawica. When the wind blew away the smoke of explosions and uncovered the cleverly camouflaged positions, I remember seeing the debris of German guns littered about by the tremendous force of our guns.

The morning watch on May 4 passed equally busily. The sun was just coming out from behind the mountains, and in this slanting light we could see interesting details on the German shore—two new guns, a few barbed-wire entanglements and farther to the left machine-gun emplacements on an innocent-looking hill. The commander decided that after 8 a.m. we should receive the battle order and begin with all our guns to pound the newly-discovered objectives.

While I was being relieved from my watch, one of those bright British boys who acted as signallers on the Grom, after his usual "Good-morning, sir!" said: "It's a fine day for air attacks—the sky is unusually clear."

I looked round and thought: Well, just the same as yesterday, the sun is uncannily, incredibly beautiful, the mountains as white as ever, the water in the fjord just as calm as always. And I descended into the mess for breakfast.

We hurried on with breakfast, eager for the new day, which promised to be exciting. The air-raid alarm blaring out just then did not make any impression on us. Why, someone said, they won't trouble to bomb us, if close by they can have a battleship and two cruisers as a tasty bit! And immediately afterwards the whole ship was shaken by a terrible shock, or rather, a series of rapidly following quivers.

I tried to leave the mess by the normal door leading amidships. But the gangway was full of steam, smoke and flames. I rushed through the sailors' quarters towards the prow, where men were already jumping into the water. I did not realize that things were so bad as they really were. One had such a strong, unshakable faith in the ship which for so long had been our home, our country, everything we had. Nevertheless something terrible must have happened to our Grom, because she was listing on the port side.

The list was increasing and the wound must have been terrible. The stern became invisible; everything was covered with smoke and steam. From under the clouds of steam, from a hopelessly burning lifeboat bleeding men were crawling away.

I made my way towards the stern on the port side, climbing rather than running, for the ship was more and more turning on her side. And then I remember only the frantic effort to move away in the icy water, to swim away from the ship and not to get stiff to the bone.

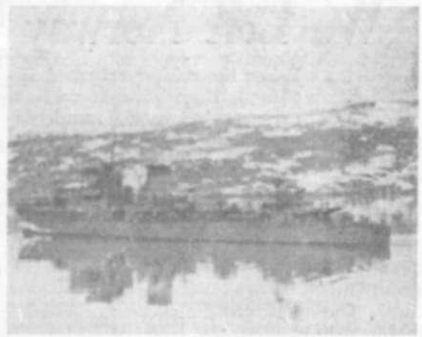
The stern was now standing up vertically—the huge red and elegant stern of the Grom. The stem, completely separated, also stood out of the water. The decks of the stem and the stern were approaching each other with uncanny rapidity, like the arms of some monstrous pincers. They closed with a terrifying crash, and after a second everything disappeared under the water.

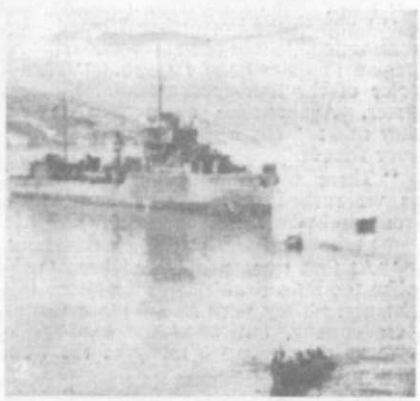
On the surface our men were struggling in the water. From the shore the Germans were firing at us with machine-guns, while away in the distance, from the end of Rombaksfjord, appeared the tiny outlines of British ships hastening to our rescue. The swimming would have been quite comfortable if it were not for that foul oil, the smell of burning, and some gas which threatened to poison one. But it was quite jolly in the water. The boys of the Grom behaved splendidly. They were offering each other lifebelts and were prodigious with mutual advice. One could hear the men in the water whistling, while those swimming close to each other were having a friendly chat.

But the groans of the wounded could also be heard, though both of us, wounded and unhurt, all believed in the brotherhood-in-arms which united us with the British Navy. And the whole world knows that no British ship has ever left sinking comrades on the sea of battle. The cruiser Aurora and the destroyers Faulknor and Bedouin pulled us out of the water.

It wasn't an easy matter. The engines had to stop in order that the boats could be launched. The whole work of rescue takes a long time, and the rescuing ship gives up its most important anti-air-raid defence: rapidity of manoeuvre. From the sunlit skies bombs might have hit them as they hit us. But the commanders, the officers and sailors of H.M. Ships Aurora, Faulknor and Bedouin did not, I am sure, think for a moment that their labour of mercy was an act of heroism.

During our long peregrinations before reaching England we met everywhere, on each British ship, warmth, care, and forethought that it is difficult to describe. From our wandering from ship to ship, during which we were bombed almost uninterruptedly, one great picture remained in my mind:





THE POLISH DESTROYER GROM (1) off Narvik just before she was bombed. (2) The boats of a British destroyer putting off to rescue the survivors. (3) One of the boats with rescued Polish sailors coming alongside a British ship. (4) Some of the survivors, still wearing their lifebelts, on board a British transport. *Photos, Gaumont-British Newsreel*

I WAS THERE

We were just being transferred from the battleship Resolution to our Polish Burza. The entire British crew with the officers at their head crowded the deck. Under the muzzles of the gigantic guns the ship's band took its position. The Burza moved away. We were standing on the deck, feeling rather miserable, uncertain of the future, when suddenly the crew of H.M.S. Resolution stiffened in salute as the orchestra struck up the mighty anthem: "As Long as We Live Poland Shall Not Perish!"

As the tune of the anthem was played, I seemed to hear its words which, on the lips of the British sailors, standing upright against the might of the naval colossus, sounded like an oath: As long as we live Poland shall not perish!

We Left Norway to Fight Beside You!

When the raiders returned from the Lofoten Islands (see pages 281, 286-7), they brought with them not only a number of German prisoners but several hundreds of young Norwegians. When the latter arrived in London they had vivid tales to tell of the arrival of the raiding parties, and some of these are given below.

More than 300 blue-eyed and fair-haired Norwegian volunteers arrived in London on March 7. They were dressed just as they had left the Lofoten Islands four days before, some in skiing suits, others in gaily coloured jerseys and caps. The majority are fishermen or workers in the fish-oil factories.

"I was in the town when I heard a great commotion," said one six-foot-tall Norwegian in quite good English. "Then the voice of the loud-speakers coming over the water. Again and again in Norwegian they said: 'The English are here. We are your friends.'

"There was a wild burst of cheering as we rushed madly down to the water front, and we went on cheering as the British came ashore.

"At first some people had been terrified when the little British ships were seen in the distance. They were afraid more Germans were coming, but when the loud-speakers gave us their message many of the women cried with joy.

"Nearly all the young men on the island volunteered to go to England to fight. Most of them had no time to go home, but left messages for their families. Others rushed back to their homes, gathered up a few things they needed, and said good-bye to their families. Some young fellows knelt to receive their fathers' blessing before they embarked.

"Our greatest delight was seeing our local Quislings, whom we all detested, rounded up and taken under guard to the ships. There are so many Quislings that it was good to see even some of them taken prisoner.

Another fair-haired, 19-year-old giant, Tora by name, said: "I was skiing when I heard shots and rushed down to see what was going on. I found the British Navy were in the fiord. I didn't wait. I just rushed up and said to them: 'Can I get back to England to fight with you?'"

Another youth was on the mountainside when he heard shots far below. He thought it was the Germans attacking his friends in the village, but rushing down the slope to take his part in the fray, he recognized the raiders at once. "I can't describe my feelings at seeing British uniforms," he said. "You've no idea what it means to be in England. I am going into the Navy, and I am going to fight the Germans until they are beaten. I know, and we all know in Norway, that the Germans will be beaten."

Another of the volunteers was wearing Norwegian Army uniform when he arrived amongst those who had come to cheer King Haakon in London. It transpired that as a sergeant he had fought side by side with the British at Tromsoe and Narvik, and though after the Germans had overrun Norway he found it advisable to change into mufti, he had carried his uniform with him ever since, hoping for the day when he could put it on again. "We have come to fight," said the sergeant, "and I know there are thousands more at home wanting to come, too. They are jealous of us who were brought away."

One of the volunteers was a 36-year-old fisherman who had been out of a job since the German invasion of Norway, because he refused to work for them. "I arrived at the smallest town in the island to take a job on the very day that the English landed," he said. "I was standing near the factory when I saw an English soldier. He stopped me going into the factory, and when I questioned him, he said, 'You can't go in there. We are going to blow it up.'

The Polish destroyer Piorun was given by Britain to the Polish Government to replace the ill-fated Grom, the story of whose sinking is recounted in page 303. A running repair is being carried out on the paravane derrick aboard the new ship.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

"I said to him, 'Well, if you are blowing it up, you had better take me to England and find me a job.' The soldier said, 'Sure. Go with the rest.'

"I joined the other patriots. As we stood on the deck of the boat, we saw every one of the factories in that part of the island, most of them fish oil factories, blown up."

Among the Norwegians who were brought to England there were eight women; seven unmarried girls and one widow. "Why have we come to England?" repeated one of them when questioned. "We heard that they were asking our menfolk to go. We saw the boats. We asked your Navy to take us. They agreed, and here we are.

"My family don't know that I have left them," she went on. "I was in bed when the ships came in and my people were out. People were shouting, 'The English soldiers are here!' I jumped out of bed and went into the street in my dressing-gown. Then I dressed and went to the ship.

"I work in a shop," she concluded. "We don't like the Germans. We love to listen to the B.B.C. news, for, though it is prohibited in cafes, most of us manage to hear it somehow."

KING HAAKON OF NORWAY is seen above talking to one of the Norwegian sailors who was engaged in the raid on the Lofoten Islands. Left, some of the women who were taken off. A Norwegian officer (right) is talking to young fishermen from the islands who intend to join the Free Norwegian Navy.
Photos, G.P.U., Keystone and Fox

Then as Now in the Empire's Service

GENERAL J. C. SMUTS, South African Premier and Minister of Defence, who at the end of February and the beginning of March, 1941, visited the South African troops now fighting in East Africa, was on familiar ground, since he commanded the Imperial troops fighting against the Germans in East Africa in 1916-17. He is seen, left, in the front line during his visit. The photograph below was taken during the last war, when in 1917-18 he was South Africa's representative in the Imperial War Cabinet. It shows him inspecting City of London Volunteers outside London Guildhall; with him is the Maharajah of Bikaner.

Photos, South African Official and Topical

LORD BEAVERBROOK, as Sir Max Aitken, did valuable work with the Canadian Army during the last war. He acted as war correspondent with the Canadian Expeditionary Force in 1915; he was Canadian Representative at the Front in 1916 and Officer-in-charge of Canadian Records in 1917. Above, he is seen during his service with the Canadian Army. Oval, as Minister for Aircraft Production in the present war, he is receiving a cheque for £100,000 for aircraft from M. Gutt, the Belgian Minister of Finance, who is on his left.

Photos, Topical and Fox

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD MILNE is almost the only survivor of our military chiefs of the last war. He was appointed to command the British Salonika Force in May 1916 and, under the supreme direction of the French Commander, first General Sarrail and later General Guillaumat, was responsible for the operations that ended in the defeat of the Bulgarians in 1918. Left, he is seen with the Serbian General Mishich inspecting a guard of honour at Salonika in January, 1917. In this war he is Colonel Commandant of the Pioneer Corps, and, above, he is seen chatting to a member of the Corps.

Photos, Imperial War Museum and Planet News

'Tell Us What It's Like to Bale Out!'

Five fighter pilots of the R.A.F., who have baled out and lived to fight again another day, called at one of our factories recently to thank the men and women who had made the parachutes which saved their lives. Here is an account of their visit and of some of the stories which were dragged out of them.

WHEN the five young fighter pilots entered the factory they received a great reception. Then one by one they were invited—or, rather, compelled, for they all seemed to be decidedly nervous—to climb upon a table to describe what it felt like when they jumped. Each started off his story with the words, "Thank you for saving my life!"

Two of the officers had baled out twice. A Squadron-Leader, besides making a jump, had also escaped from a Hurricane by lifting the hatch and climbing out when his machine had already dived 30 feet under water on its way to the bottom of the North Sea. Another pilot who jumped from a blazing fighter still had burn marks on his face and hands.

The pilots came from two fighter squadrons who have already shot down 226 Nazi 'planes.

"Tell us what it's like!" shouted a bunch of smiling girls, who had been singing away at their work.

A tall, wavy-haired, 26-year-old Squadron-Leader jumped on to the table; he said: "We do thank you very much indeed for all the work you are doing. I hear you go on working in spite of air-raid sirens. I am absolutely terrified when the sirens go myself, and think it wonderful of you. Without your help, and others in the aircraft industry, we would not be where we are today."

"Tell us about your jumps," the girls persisted, stamping and clapping their hands. The pilot said he felt nervous, but they would not let him get down. "All right," he said, "here goes. One night last year I was talking to one of my Flight Commanders about baling out, and I said how terrified I should be to have to do it, and that I should not have the guts. Next morning at 6 a.m. three of us were sent off over the North Sea. The weather was bad and it was raining a little, but soon I saw a Dornier 5,000 feet above me. I had to creep up behind him, and he soon started banging away at me. However, I gave him a good squirt. Then suddenly there was a tremendous explosion just in front of my tummy, and I felt to see if it was still there.

"I could not believe that I had been shot down; you see I was not used to that sort of thing. I was twelve miles out at sea, and I turned round rather hoping in a futile way that I would get back to the coast. My 'plane began to smoke. I thought of the night before when I said I should not have the guts to bale out. It was that or a forced landing on the sea. I counted three and stepped over the side. Another three, in the approved fashion, and pulled the plug. So I began to float down, and the sensation is absolutely wonderful. There was the North Sea below and a little ship. I saw my 'plane crash into the sea, and I was very sorry, because I had my best hat in it.

"I began to breathe very deeply as I reached the sea, in case I went under. As I hit the water I pressed a button which threw off my parachute harness, and in a couple of seconds I was swimming round, and enjoying myself. I was just set for a nice sea bathe, which I had for about 20 minutes. Then a little boat came out from the ship, and I heard someone say, 'Gawd, he is a Jerry!' I shouted, 'No, please, I am not, I am English.' They picked me up and put me on board, and then I began to feel very frightened, as I knew there were a lot of mines in the North Sea. They gave me a pint glass full of rum. When the mate's back was turned I poured some of it down the sink. They took me round a dozen ships, and on each one I had to have a drink.

"The second time I had to jump," went on the pilot, "was when over London. My squadron ran into a whole lot of ME 110s heavily protected by Messerschmitt 109s, which we call 'June Bees.' I singled out a nice fat pig—that's a 110—who was trying to catch up with his pals. Down came the 109s and absolutely smothered us. This went on for a bit, then suddenly I saw a lot of balls of fire in front of me. There was a terrific bonk on the floor of the 'plane and a deluge of petrol in front of me. I tried to get back, but the engine would not go. So I thought, Well, here we are again; I have done it before, it is easy this time. I duly landed quite comfortably in a blackberry bush. I picked myself up and found a rifle muzzle levelled at my head. I put my hands up and said, 'For God's sake don't shoot me!' The chap was very decent and said, 'All right.' They took me to hospital, but I am afraid nurses did not give me the drinks the sailors did."

So each pilot told his story. One described how he fell into a hop field and was mobbed by 300 excited children. Another how he kept afloat by his parachute for 1½ hours in the sea before he was picked up.

All the pilots are members of the Caterpillar Club (see page 20, Vol. 2), membership of which is confined to those whose lives have been saved by parachute. They wear a little golden caterpillar brooch. At lunch each pilot was presented with a caterpillar tie by Mr. Irvin, maker of the parachutes.

They saw many letters from airmen shot down over Germany and now prisoners, who had written applying to become members of the club One letter was from an officer who belonged to the squadron of two of the pilots. They were presented with his prison camp application to hang in the mess-room at their station.

Later, when the officers made a tour of the factory, they saw every stage of parachute making. They learned how it takes 60 square yards of purest white silk (enough for 30 women's garments) to make one parachute, and the cost is £20.

At one sewing machine they talked to pretty 19-year-old Irene Britchford, who a few months ago was a parlour-maid in Sloane Square. "You mind those stitches," chaffed one officer.

"You won't mind how many times you jump now you have seen how we make the 'chutes," said brunette Sybil Iley, who has thrown up her job of bookbinding to make parachutes.

There were girls at work in the factory who had formerly been engaged making corsets, in the printing trade, making handbags, shop girls and many other varied jobs.

At a testing bench the pilots talked to Mrs. Doris Williams, who has inspected every parachute the factory has made for years past. "We've never had a failure," she said. "We hear of our parachutes being pulled inside out, but they still work. I've passed out tens of thousands, and that meant inspecting millions and millions of yards of stitching."

At almost every bench the girls had pasted up pictures of airmen who had jumped or had been decorated for bravery. Many left their work as the officers went round, and begged for their autographs.

PARACHUTE WORKERS, seen at their factory, form an appreciative audience as they listen intently to a fighter pilot describing how his life had been saved by means of a parachute when his 'plane was shot down. His story will give them an added incentive to "go to it."

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

One Day He May Have a Much Longer Jump!

BALING OUT is an unpleasant experience which a bomber's crew may have to go through at any time, and so the men have to practise, as shown above, the correct method of leaving the escape-hatch of the 'plane, for, as can be seen, the exit does not provide much space for a fully equipped man with a parachute. After leaving the aircraft the airman baling out must allow a certain time to elapse before pulling the ripcord, for if he is not well clear of the machine his opening parachute might get entangled in it. *Photo, Topical*

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1941 *549th day*

On the Sea—British naval raid carried out against German interests in Lofoten Islands, off Norway. Eleven enemy ships sunk. Landings made at four principal fishing ports. Fish oil factories and a power station destroyed, and oil storage tanks burned. Forces withdrew bringing 215 German prisoners, 10 Quislings, and a large number of Norwegian patriots.

In the Air—Coastal Command aircraft on patrol attacked aerodrome near Brest. At night dock and railway sidings at Calais were bombed.

War against Italy—In the Gojjam, Patriot forces occupied important Italian fort of Burye. Enemy withdrew towards Debra Marcos, on road to Addis Ababa.

Home Front—Slight air activity, but no bombs dropped during day. At night raiders again attacked Cardiff. Bombs also fell in two towns in Home Counties and at other widely separated places.

Three night bombers destroyed by A.A. fire.

Greek War—R.A.F. bombers attacked enemy warships off Himara. Nine of their escorting fighters destroyed. Another attack made on enemy warships off Valona.

General—Government announced that non-essential factories are to be closed and available labour and other resources concentrated on war production.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5 *550th day*

In the Air—R.A.F. attacked docks at Boulogne. Other squadrons made offensive sweep over Channel and Northern France.

Coastal Command flying-boat shot down one enemy bomber over Atlantic and severely damaged another.

Home Front—No raids over Britain either by day or night.

War against Italy—Revolt of Abyssinian Patriots now spread to central province of Shoa and as far as Addis Ababa.

Sixteen enemy aircraft destroyed during heavy raid on Malta, and others damaged. One R.A.F. fighter shot down.

Greek War—Athens announced successful local operations in central sector resulting in capture of tanks and 165 prisoners.

Balkans—Great Britain broke off diplomatic relations with Bulgaria.

Mr. Eden and Gen. Sir John Dill left Greece for Cairo, having reached complete agreement with Greek leaders.

THURSDAY, MARCH 6 *551st day*

On the Sea—Italian submarine Anfitrite attempted to attack British convoy in Aegean, but was sunk by escort craft.

War against Italy—Cairo reported that forward elements of mechanized forces in Libya had again driven off enemy armoured fighting vehicles west of Agheila.

In Italian Somaliland Fer-Fer, 100 miles north-west of Bulo Burti, had been occupied.

Considerable R.A.F. activity in Eritrea, particularly in Keren area.

Home Front—Many raids by single enemy aircraft during day. Bombs fell in East Anglia and Kent and at one point in London area. At night raiders were over north-east coast.

Enemy bomber shot down in Channel.

Greek War—Athens reported energetic and successful artillery action. In central area Greeks captured new positions which had been well fortified by the enemy.

FRIDAY, MARCH 7 *552nd day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. destroyer Dainty had been sunk.

In the Air—Aircraft of Coastal Command sank enemy supply ship off Dutch coast. They also bombed naval harbour at Den Helder and aerodrome at Ockenburg.

War against Italy—Cairo stated that in Abyssinia Patriots on Gondar road were now operating east of Amanit. In Italian Somaliland advance progressed along main Mogadishu-Jijiga road.

Announced that five Italian merchant ships were seized when Kismayu was captured.

During night R.A.F. bombed harbour at Tripoli and several aerodromes. In Eritrea considerable damage done in Keren area.

Home Front—Single enemy aircraft were active over various parts of England. Many casualties and buildings destroyed at one Midlands town.

Two Nazi bombers shot down, one by machine-gun fire off Gorleston, the other by H.M.S. Guillemot, escorting a convoy. Another destroyed at night by colliding with mast of trawler it was attacking.

Greek War—Athens reported that successful action in central sector had led to occupation of new positions and capture of 1,000 prisoners.

In support of Greek Army operations R.A.F. bombed big troop concentrations at villages of Besist and Dragoti in Tepelini area.

General—Gen. Smuts, who had flown from Kenya, joined conference of Mr. Eden and Gen. Sir John Dill with Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell at Cairo.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8 *553rd day*

On the Sea—H.M. trawler Nadine hit, and probably destroyed, a Heinkel.

War against Italy—Cairo stated that in Italian Somaliland operations continued to develop satisfactorily. Air support was given by R.A.F. on all fronts, particularly near Keren, Eritrea.

Home Front—Heavy night raid on London. Much damage done to houses, shops, a block of L.C.C. flats, police, ambulance and fire stations. Casualties were many in a West-End restaurant wrecked by a bomb.

Three enemy bombers destroyed off East Coast.

Greek War—Athens announced that after stubborn struggle still more positions had been captured and 1,000 prisoners taken. R.A.F. attacked troop and transport concentrations in Tepelini and on Glave-Buzi road.

During the night of 8-9, R.A.F. heavily bombed harbour installation at Durazzo.

General—U.S. Senate passed Lease-and-Lend Bill by 60 votes to 31.

SUNDAY, MARCH 9 *554th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that Italian commerce raider Ramb I had been destroyed in Indian Ocean by H.M. cruiser Leander.

H.M. trawlers Remillo and Cobbers reported sunk.

War against Italy—Cairo announced that our troops have occupied Gabre Darre on Mogadishu-Harar road.

Home Front—Slight enemy activity during daylight. Bombs fell at few points in south-east and eastern England.

At night London was again main objective, fire and high explosive bombs being dropped in many districts. Heavy attack made on Portsmouth; much damage done to property, but casualties light. Raiders were also over number of coast towns from north-east Scotland to South Wales.

General—Ministry of Labour made an order under which Admiralty is to control labour in the shipyards.

MONDAY, MARCH 10 *555th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that Italian cruiser of Condottieri A class had been torpedoed and almost certainly sunk.

In the Air—Three offensive sweeps made by aircraft of Fighter Command over Channel and occupied France.

At night R.A.F. launched heavy attack on Boulogne, Cherbourg and Brest. Targets in Western Germany were also bombed, among them being Cologne.

War against Italy—In Abyssinia, Italians retreating from Burye were driven out of Dambacha by British and Patriot forces advancing from Sudan.

British column now over half-way on road from Mogadishu to Harar.

R.A.F. bombers had attacked aerodrome at Diredawa and positions in Keren area.

Three enemy formations attacked Malta from different sides, but were driven off.

Home Front—During daylight enemy activity was mainly over Channel and south-east England.

Portsmouth again suffered severe night attack. Many buildings were demolished and fires started, and there were casualties. Bombs also fell at widely separated points elsewhere, including area of Thames Estuary, but without much effect.

Eight Nazi night bombers destroyed.

Greek War—Athens reported that fresh positions had been taken. Italians attempted strong counter-attacks which were repulsed with enemy losses; 300 prisoners taken.

"HONEST JOE."
"If only I dared——"
From the cartoon by E. H. Shephard, by permission of the Proprietors of "Punch"